

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN.

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SEYMOUR, INDIANA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1908.

PRICE TWO CENTS

AMENDMENT LOST

And Local Option Measure Goes To Third Reading.

Special to the REPUBLICAN:

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 25, (3 p. m.)—The local option bill came up on second reading today in the House. The friends of the measure were in control and the democrats knew it. Hon. Anfound that his plan to strike out the enacting clause could not carry and he did not offer such a motion. In fact the democrats saw they were in the minority and gave up offering any of the amendments they had up their sleeves to kill the measure.

The only amendment offered was by Bowls, a republican from Marion county. "His amendment was to except counties in which there is a city of 10,000 or more. He proposed to make such cities a unit in themselves. His amendment was lost by vote of 83 to 17. Without further attempts to amend the bill went to third reading and will come up on its passage tomorrow.

Dollar Wheat.

They are paying one dollar per bushel for No. 2 wheat at Blish's Mill which is the highest price that has been paid for local wheat for a number of years, except for a brief period last fall before the panic set in. Ordinarily the price on the local market runs along with wagon price at Indianapolis, but Seymour is ahead now for at the Capital City they are only paying 98 cents. The Blish Milling Co. say on account of the high quality of the home grown wheat this year they can afford to pay this premium for the Simon pure article and are glad to give our farmers the benefit of it.

Series "R"

The Cooperative Building and Loan Association starts a new series "R" on Monday Oct. 5. The Cooperative has come to be one of the reliable financial institutions of our city. Its business has grown steadily since its organization. Thousands and thousands of dollars have been paid out to maturing stockholders and hundreds of homes are owned by their occupants through the plan offered by the Cooperative. This plan makes it easy for anyone to accumulate some money or to pay for a home by making



small weekly payments. Each stockholder pays twenty-five cents per week for each share of stock he owns. He can take as many shares as he chooses. This money is loaned to those who wish to borrow at six per cent. interest and the earnings are apportioned among all stockholders whether they are borrowers or investors. When the stock and earnings amount to one hundred dollars, it has matured and is withdrawn, or in case of a borrower the loan is cancelled.

The Cooperative is managed for the benefit of its stockholders. It has no high-salaried officials; its directors serve without pay, and they are all representative business men of Seymour. The Cooperative holds the confidence of our citizens as is evidenced by its constantly growing business.

A new series of stock starts each six months and the next one on Monday Oct. 5. See the secretary Thos. J. Clark for full particulars.

Beautify the Complexion

IN TEN DAYS.

Nadinola

CREAM, the unequalled beautifier is endorsed by thousands and guaranteed to remove freckles, pimples, liver-spots, tan, sallowness, etc. the worst case in 20 days, and restore the beauty of youth. Price 50 cents and \$1.00, by leading druggists or mail.

Prepared by NATIONAL TOILET CO., Paris, Tenn. Sold by W. F. PETER DRUG CO. And Other Druggists.

THE LINE UP

Special Session Reveals Attitude The Two Parties.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 24—[Special.]

One the consideration of the county option bill in the special session of the legislation has done is to place the two parties in a true position respecting this measure. It has been charged that the republicans were not sincere in their platform declaration for county option. It has been asserted also that the democrats in some parts of the state have been attempting to confuse the voters by making the claim that they, too favor county option. Whatever the result of the present controversy over this question in the special session there now can be no mistake as to the attitude of the Republicans and the Democrats. In the senate when the bill was passed every Democrat voted against it, and all but three Republicans voted for it, following the policy outlined by the republican leaders. In the house on the first test vote all the forty-seven democrats except two voted for indefinite postponement of the measure. All the Republicans but four voted to continue the consideration of the bill.

Reports from over the state as well as hundreds of letters and petitions show that the people are deeply interested and are watching closely the attitude of their representatives and will on November 3 remember those who are candidates for re-election. The people are for option and will not stand for legislators who misrepresent them.

Many disquieting rumors are circulating that indicate the presence of a large fund of brewery money to be used to influence members of the legislature if possible. It is said by men of unquestioned integrity that several offers have been made to members for votes, ranging in sums from \$1,000 to \$10,000. One member was taken out in an automobile by friends of the brewery combine and told that he could have \$10,000 if he would vote to kill or postpone the country option bill. Another man, a poor man at that, was offered \$3,000 in cash and \$2,000 contingent on the defeat of the bill if he would agree to vote with the lobby opposing it. In each of these cases, however, the bribing proposition was indignantly refused, and the only thing that serves to keep the facts at this time from the public is the feeling among the members that have been approached that they may be discredited if the circumstances are given to the public in detail. Prominent men however, are working to get exact information about the attempts at bribery, and it is not impossible that the scheme of corruption may be uncovered and the men responsible for its prosecuted.

Leave your order for Louisville Courier Journal and Louisville Times, the papers that do things' Cole's Smoke House. s26d

Put Up \$1,000.

The candidates of both political parties in Lawrence county are to put up \$1,000 as a forfeiture to be used in prosecution should any money be unlawfully used in the coming election. This is exactly right and if it is a case of reality we are for it good and strong. But the people have been bounced in this matter many times and have little faith.

Now if an agreement has been made stand by it and let the honest voters help make it uncomfortable for the man who breaks the rule.

There is already an organization here about 300 strong which entered into some such agreement some time ago and it is going to cut some figure with some of the candidates this fall. The people do not forget so soon.—Mitchell Commercial.

Dreamland Tonight.

"Aeroplane Flights" and "Ruben Comes to Town." Latest illustrated song "Taps," by Miss Anna Carter. Watch for special pictures for Saturday night.

Nick Kelsh brought in a fine lot of seedless persimmons today and sold them to George Cole. They are fine just as all the fruit is that Mr. Kelsh brings to town.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and sure. Sold here by all druggists.

TARTITA: Raised biscuits from Gold Medal Flour are excellent. SAMANTHA: Sprenger's barber shop is the best



SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE starts on his speaking tour today. Tonight he speaks in Carnegie Hall in New York City. He then goes to Chicago where he will answer Bryan's speech on "Labor." From there he will proceed west to the Pacific coast, speaking at many places along the way. He was chosen by the Republican National Committee to make this tour and answer the arguments put forth by Bryan. Senator Beveridge will get back to enter the Indiana campaign about October 15.

W. C. T. U.

The Jackson county W. C. T. U. met in convention in the First M. E. Church here Thursday. It was a very interesting and successful meeting. After the devotional exercise and some business was transacted a good program was given. "The Press," was the subject of a good paper by Miss Van Horn. An excellent musical number was given by Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Teckemeyer and Mrs. Carpenter. Another interesting paper was presented by Mrs. R. H. Cribb, of Brownstown, on the subject, "Reasons Why Saloons Should be Abolished." Trio by Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. Teckemeyer and Mrs. Carpenter. "Scientific Temperance Instruction," was the subject of a strong paper by Miss Dora Deppert. Appropriate remarks were made by Rev. H. H. Allen. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Pfaffenberger; vice president, Mrs. Cribb; cor. secy., Mrs. Kattuan; rec. secy., Mrs. Beldon; treasurer, Mrs. Short; supt. mother's meeting, Mrs. Brodhecker; sabbath observance, Mrs. Short; scientific temperance, Miss Dora Deppert; superintendent of press work, Miss VanHorn. Among those present were: Mrs. Cribb, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Brodhecker, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Endicott, of Brownstown, Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Beldon, of Crothersville, Mrs. Rapp, and Mrs. Enos and Mrs. Short, of Rockford.

B. & O. Collision.

A wreck occurred in the B. & O. yards in the city Thursday evening in which several cars were completely demolished and others badly damaged. Train No. 31 had arrived from the east and the engine had been taken to the round house as is the custom when a train arrives. A freight train from the west pulled in a few minutes later and after leaving the caboose and most of the cars in the yards, the engine in charge of Jack Williams pushed a few cars into the siding where No. 31 stood at a very rapid speed. The engineer did not know the train was on the siding and ran the cars into it with sufficient force to demolish two and derail several others. The wrecking crew started immediately to clear up the debris and none of the trains were delayed. Two of the cars were so badly wrecked that they will be of no further service and will be burned. There were several others that were badly damaged and broken but they can be repaired. A singular incident of the wreck was that it was the same crew in the yard collision that was on the wrecked train at Shoals yesterday.

Kodol will, in a very short time, enable the stomach to do the work, it should do, and the work it should do is to digest all the food you eat. When the stomach can't do it Kodol does it for it and in the meantime the stomach is getting stronger and able to take up its regular nature work again. Kodol digests all you eat. It makes the stomach sweet and it is pleasant to take. It is sold by all druggists.

Ordinance No.—

An ordinance providing for the licensing of itinerant physicians, or other traveling persons who offer to practice as a physician or sell or offers to sell any medicine or other drugs used in curing and healing diseases or recommended for such use, within the limits of Seymour, Indiana.

Section 1: Be it ordained by the common council of the city of Seymour Indiana, that before any itinerant physician or other traveling person is authorized to practice or offers to practice as a physician or sells or offers to sell any medicine or other drugs or remedies used in curing and healing diseases or recommended for such use, within the limits of the city of Seymour, Indiana, such itinerant physician or other traveling person shall make application to the city clerk for a license granting such privilege, which application shall specify the number of days such itinerant physician or other traveling person intends to practice or sell or offer to sell such medicine, drugs or remedies therein and shall pay to the city treasurer fifty (\$50) dollars for each day said itinerant physician or other traveling person intends to practice or offer to practice or sell such medicine, drugs or remedies. The city clerk upon presentation of a receipt for such payment shall issue a license for the number of days such receipt was issued.

Section 2: Any person or persons, firm or corporation, or any person or persons acting as agents to any firm or corporation, or person, or persons, violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined in any sum not less than twenty-five dollars (\$25) or more than one hundred (\$100) dollars.

Section 3: Nothing in this ordinance shall be construed to apply to traveling salesmen in the sale of medicine, drugs or remedies to bona fide druggists or physicians.

Section 4: All ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict herewith are hereby and hereby repealed.

Section 5: This ordinance shall become in full force and effect on and after its passage and legal publication thereof.

Approved this the 18th day of Sept. 1908.

HENRY R. KYTE, Mayor.

Attest: FRED EVERBACK, City Clerk.

New News depot, will furnish any book, journal, magazine or paper published in this or foreign countries. Cole's Smoke House. s26d

Save money by subscribing for stock in New Building Association. Subscription lists at Gates News Stand. Office over Peters Drug Store. Starts October 5th. o5d

Constipation with all its manifestations of a disturbed liver and indigestion yields quickly to Sanol. It only costs 35 cents to find out the great curative powers in the Sanol Remedies. Take nothing else from the druggist. Remember it is Sanol you want. 35c and \$1.00 per bottle at the drug store.

Telephone Talk.

The Old Phone Company had a chance to occupy this field alone and on terms less favorable to the people than the New Company offer.

The New Company are making rates the Old Company declared to be impossible.

The New Company rate will save the people about \$1800 the first year, and if patronage reaches the limit of the plant, the saving will be \$2700 a year. The Old Company is working under a wide-open franchise, can charge any price, demand whatever they see fit of the farmers, can give any kind of service people will tolerate, can over-capitalize, and are not required to make a public financial report.

The New Company is working under a restricted franchise, which:—

Limits the rates in the city; Fixes the rates to farmer exchanges; Admits farmer exchanges on demand; Requires directors to make and publish annually a complete financial report;

Requires directors to set aside a fixed sum annually for depreciation, thus insuring constant good service; Prevents over-capitalization by limiting bond issue;

The Old Company is owned and controlled by a foreign corporation who have shown a disposition to work it for all that is in it.

The New Company is owned and controlled by home people, whose main purpose is to give the people good service at reasonable rates and who only want the plant to pay its way.

Business and professional men are now paying the New Company over \$5000 annual rental. A dual system would double this, without any compensating results. Can we afford it?

A double phone system is a double tax. A double phone system is unnecessary. Therefore a double tax is unnecessary.

(The above is paid matter.)

Answering a Hurry Call.

United States manufacturers have just been called upon to supply wire ducts for the telephone system of Bahia Blanca, a city in Argentina four hundred miles south of Buenos Aires. The South Americans are in such a hurry to get the telephone installed that a special train, from Ohio to New York, and a special steamer, from New York to Bahia Blanca, have been commissioned.

Bahia Blanca is a port with 45,000 inhabitants, the converging point for several railroads from the interior, and is said to have doubled its population in the last five years. It has become rapidly modernized and is impatient for up-to-date improvements. The clay piping has already started from Aultman, O., by "special movement" over the B. & O. As soon as it reaches tidewater, it will be carried across New York Harbor in floats to the Bush Docks in Brooklyn and there transferred to the hold of a steamer. The cargo will be unloaded upon the docks in Bahia Blanca about three weeks later.

Nine distinct Sunday morning papers on sale at Cole's Smoke House. s26d

LONG WALK

An Austrian Making Trip Around World On Foot.

A young man wearing a blue jersey and dressed in a walking outfit, attracted some attention today as he walked about the city. His name is Joseph Mikulec, of Austria, who is walking around the world. His home is in Austria and he is walking on a wager of 25,000 crowns, which is offered by an Austrian newspaper. He wins the wager providing he gets back to Austria by January, 1911. He has already walked through Italy, France, Spain, Portugal and South America. He makes weekly reports to the newspaper in Austria of his experiences.

He began his long walk February 5, 1906 and averages about 35 miles per day. Up to this time he has traveled over 14,000 miles and when his journey is completed he will have walked over 25,000 miles. After reaching San Francisco he will work his way to China on a steamer and there begin his journey on foot again. He is at present about seven hundred miles ahead of time and expects to be in Austria about three months before the time limit has expired.

He is 30 years of age and weighs about 135 pounds which is 45 pounds less than he weighed when he started. He carries a knap-sack which weighs about 25 pounds and carries a heavy cane. Although a German by birth, he has acquired a good command of the English language and has no trouble to carry on a conversation. Since he started in 1906 he has worn out 25 pairs of shoes.

In each city he hunts up the mayor who signs some credentials showing that he has actually been in the town on the date named in his book. He is not, according to the rules of the wager, allowed to ask for money or food and makes his expenses by means of postal cards which he hands about and receives whatever the people are willing to pay. He says the Americans are the most hospitable people he has ever met and declares that he likes America better than any country he has visited and even prefers it to Austria, his own country.

Bedford Remonstrants Fail.

The case of Harvey Lauris, applicant for a license to sell liquor at Bedford came to a very sudden end yesterday in the commissioners court. The county attorney was arguing the case and in this argument referred to the remonstrance filed. The judge interrupted him and said that no remonstrance had been filed with him. Without the remonstrance there would be no case and it was immediately dismissed. The temperance people are declaring John W. Harris, who had charge of the remonstrance, neglected to file the remonstrance and the dismissal of the case is his fault.

Start right—New Building Association. o5d
CLEVERNESS: Don't try to make angel food unless you use Gold Medal Flour. BELINDA.

Richart The Shoe Man

WE PRESENT for your your inspection the New "DOROTHY DODD" bench made Shoes. They are Shoes of the choicest leather distinguished by good taste and refreshing originality, yet moderately priced. The line includes the popular and beautiful patent colt, patent kid and the lustrous black kid in shapes and styles to delight the most critical. You are cordially invited to inspect the new models now in view at

Richart's

Opposite Interurban Station, Seymour, Indiana.

SMITH & REMY, Publishers.

SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

EVANS AT FORT FISHER.

Rear Admiral's Characteristic Description of Fight in Which He Was Wounded.

Admiral Evans' description of the attack on Fort Fisher during the Civil war runs as follows: "At this moment I saw Col. Lamb, the Confederate commander, gallantly standing on the parapet and calling on his men to get up and shoot the Yankees. I considered him within easy range of revolver, so took a deliberate shot at him. As I fired a bullet ripped through the front of my coat across my breast, turning me completely around. I felt a burning sensation, like a hot iron, over my heart, and saw something red coming out of a hole in my coat which I took for blood. I knew, of course, that if a bullet had gone through this portion of my body I was done for, but that was no place to stop, so I went on at the head of my company. As we approached the remainder of the stockade I was aware that one particular sharpshooter was shooting at me and when we were a hundred yards away he hit me in the left leg, about 3 inches below the knee. The force of the blow was so great that I landed on my face in the sand. I got a silk handkerchief out of my pocket and, with the kind assistance of my classmate, Hobart W. Smith, stopped the bleeding and went again to the front as fast as I could.

"About this time the men were stumbling over wires which they cut with their knives—they proved to be wires to the torpedoes over which we had charged, but they failed to explode. My left leg seemed asleep, but I was able to use it. The wound, however, remained it, it was very near, and I determined to lead my company by a flank through a break in it, and then charge over the angle of the fort, which now looked very difficult to climb. I managed to get through the stockade, with seven others, when my sharpshooter friend sent a bullet through my right knee and I realized the chance of going was realized. I tried to stand up, but it was no use; my legs would not hold me, and, besides this, I was bleeding dreadfully and I knew that was a matter which had to be looked to.

"When I received the wound in my right knee I began at once to try to stop the flow of blood. I used for the purpose one of the half dozen silk handkerchiefs with which I was provided, and myself, but I was so tired and weak from loss of blood that I was some time doing the trick. In the meantime my sharpshooter friend, about thirty-five yards away, continued to shoot at me, at the same time addressing me in very forcible but uncomplimentary language. At the fifth shot, I think it was, he hit me again, taking the end of one of my toes, tearing off the sole of my shoe and wrenching my ankle dreadfully. I thought the bullet had gone through my ankle, the pain was so intense.

"For some reason, I don't know why, this shot made me unreasonably angry and, rolling over in the sand so as to face my antagonist, I addressed a few brief remarks to him; and then, just as one handed him a freshly loaded musket, I fired, aiming at his breast. I knew all the time that I should kill him if I shot at him, but had not intended to do so until he shot me in the toe. My bullet went a little high, striking the poor chap in the throat and passing out of the back of his neck. He staggered around after dropping his gun, and finally pitched over the parapet and rolled down near me, where he lay dead. I could see his feet as they projected over a pile of sand and from their position knew that he had fought his last fight."

Wrecked Ship Lights Town.

Last March the Sesostris, a 4000-ton freighter, was feeding her way along the coast of Guatemala in a dense fog when suddenly she drove her prow up on the sands at the little town of Ocosingo and stuck there. Despite the aid of three other vessels which chanced to come along, the ship remained hard and fast and as the days went by became more and more firmly wedged in the sand and silt. The sand gradually piled up on both sides so that it was possible to walk almost around her, and the residents of the town, grasping the opportunity so unexpectedly dropped in their very midst, made request to the captain to string wires from the ship's dynamo and light the place up. This was done and for some time the little coffee station boasted of its electric lighting plant. The underwriters, however, decided to remove the machinery and sell the hull to the railroad company as a coffee warehouse.—Popular Mechanics.

Apple Land of the Pacific.

Tasmania has long been known as the apple land of the south, but few at home have any real idea of the money that can be made, and is being made, out of apple growing in that island. Last year, for instance, there were many small orchards in the south which returned as much as 1200 bushels to the acre, and one owner of four acres, who picked over 4000 bushels of marketable fruit, which he sold at 4s. per bushel, reaped a gross return of \$800. As his expenses at the outside would not be more than \$100, his profit per acre was well over something like \$175. Of course this was an extreme case, but orchards of twenty acres and upward averaged fully 500 bushels per acre, and yielded a clear net profit of quite \$1500 in each case. The area actually planted at the present time in domestic and commercial orchards is about 20,000 acres, and upward of half a million cases of apples were exported to this country last year.—Britannia.

Oklahoma's Sinking Lands.

About twenty-five acres of prairie land lying between Keystone and Olive in the Creek nation, has sunk nearly 30 feet in the last two years and is now covered with water. Many of the farmers are moving their houses and herds and a general state of alarm exists. The whole country around this land seems to be sinking gradually, and the people of that section are daily expecting something to happen. It is the supposition of surveyors and oil and gas men and others familiar with such conditions that the sinking is caused by the great gas pressure taken from beneath the land.—Kansas City Star.

"City of Dreaming Spires."

Quebec can be called, like Oxford, a city of dreaming spires; almost another home of lost causes. The picturesque lower town, with its twisting narrow streets, tall houses, and quaint market places—the steep rocky heights behind, and the row of buildings perched along the very edge—the broad Dufferin terrace, with the imposing, terraced Chateau Frontenac at the end, strike the visitor as unique in no utilitarian a continent as America, and when one gets into the upper town, even there, in the midst of busy, commercial life, it is hard to get away from the idea that Quebec is historic and nothing else.—London T. P.'s Weekly.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Marriage of Convenience.

"Mallory Johnson, gwine down de street? Mallory, chile, yo' looks mighty sweet! Tell me, honey, wha' yo' gwine?" Yo' sho' an' den up mighty fine!" Mallory den she turn an' say: "La, Mr. Jones! How yo' today?" "Mallory, chile, I do declare De work an' tress yo' mighty fair! Yo' 's lookin' scrumshus, I be bound!" (She'd be bes' washer in dis town!) Mallory say: "Now, Mr. Jones! Yo' sho' an' den up mighty fine!" I say: "La, honey, dis ain't no joke. Mallory, chile, ef I wa'n' broke, I sh'd would ast yo' to be mine." Mallory say: "Yo' sho' an' den up mighty fine!" "But I don't like yo', man, noway." "Now, Lindy, chile, yo' take dat back. For I likes yo' a heap, an' dat's a fact." Yo' sho' an' den up mighty fine!" (She'd be bes' washer in dis town!) Mallory den she duck her head. "Goodness me!" wuz all she said. "I took her hair!" an' rather too much. "I gwine nut yo', chile, dis day! De' an' dat's one ting dat I lack." An' dat's de license, dat am a fact!" Mallory den she sorter shiver. "An' duck her head for quite a while, An' den she answer sof an' low: 'I ain't carin' if you am po'! I got five dollars to give my man To day de license an' buy my man!" An' den I kiss her good an' soon!" (She'd be bes' washer in dis town!) —Celia Myrover Robinson in Lippincott's.

-O-O-

The Over-Eating and Under-Eating Fads. Faddists who underate and those who overeat are both sinning against common sense, but there is just a chance that a great eater may be better off in the matter of health.

In a lecture on the diet of today at the Institute of Hygiene in London, Prof. Halliburton expressed his opinion that it was safer to eat rather too much than too little. Proteid and nitrogenous foods, he said, were essential for the repair of tissue and waste, and starch and sugar were equally necessary as a source of energy and heat, and milk was the most perfect food existing.

Prof. Halliburton recalled the experiment of Prof. Chittenden of Yale university, by which he cured himself of rheumatic pains by taking less proteids and daily increasing the quantity of nitrogenous food. Prof. Halliburton argued that the Yale experiment did not mean that all persons should follow it to keep healthy, but temperance in proteids was as necessary as temperance in drink. It was in the extreme fads where in lay the danger.

"The poor in large cities and vegetarians who have a low nitrogenous diet are both suffering from privation and disease than meat-eating people," he said. "Proof that vegetarians can't be satisfied with their diet is that they are forced to take the richest of proteids—milk, eggs and cheese. Vegetarianism when carried to excess doubtless will spread when the standard of cooking is raised. Badly cooked vegetables are almost indigestible than badly cooked animal food."

The real usefulness of the apparent success of eating, the professor added, was that certain constituents of the proteid molecule were necessary for the building up of tissues, but the amount of these tissues was limited. Taking the far eastern nations, where the native population lived on a diet of a small amount of white, it was the latter meat eaters who withstood privation and disease better than the vegetarians or the black native races.—Cooking Club Magazine.

-O-O-

Panama Nursing Is Hard Work.

Nursing is hard work and more or less dangerous, under any circumstances and in any place. What must it be, then, along the Panama canal, where accidents are many and the maladies are swift and deadly?

Nevertheless, nearly two hundred women are nursing in the canal zone, and of them are so devoted to the work that they say they would not give it up. Some of them got the habit through hard war service in Japan and Cuba. Nine of the 200 were all through the Spanish-American war. Several, who are Red Cross nurses, went to Japan in 1904, and were decorated by the Emperor of that country for their services. One, Miss Cook, who was with the Japanese army, married a visiting physician in the zone after a few months of work there. It is no trouble at all for a zone nurse to win a husband, it is said, which perhaps accounts for the popularity of the service. Still, there are other ameliorations.

For one thing, the powers that be realize how hard the work is, and everything possible to make life as pleasant as possible to the nurses. The salaries are pretty good—\$60 a month for a regular ward nurse, and all expenses, board, lodging and laundry. After a time the nurse is promoted and her salary is increased. No nurse is on duty more than four hours at a time. Rather a contrast to the twelve hour stretch of duty most hospital nurses in New York have every day.

The nurses' home at Ancon, which place has the largest hospital on the isthmus, is charmingly situated. It is built on the brow of a hill and has a wide outlook over the Pacific entrance to the canal. They have their own private mess, and a motherly housekeeper who keeps things in beautiful order. The bedrooms are furnished with cots, simple furniture, and straw rugs, which are cleaned every day, but most of the girls have managed to make them cozy with college flags and pictures, couches constructed out of steamer trunks, and rugs and cushions and other feminine devices.

The supervising nurses have their private sitting rooms, where many tea parties are held on Sunday afternoons. Afternoon tea is always served for the nurses who are off duty—served on one end of the wide veranda, which is fitted up as an outdoor sitting room. There, too, where dances and informal entertainments are held. Then there is a library of about 300 volumes—books on philosophy and biology. Kant's works, Haeckel's, Matthew Arnold's, the poems of Tennyson and Browning, as well as lighter things.

-O-O-

Dress for Business Women.

Anna Steese Richardson talks to business girls in the August Woman's Home Companion on the importance of good taste in dress.

Said a Frenchman to Mrs. Richardson not long ago, as they sauntered through a model department store:

"Your working girls—they are wonderful. See, they are ladies! Such well-kept hands, such beautifully coiffed heads, such smart shoes! They must spend much time and make themselves ready for work. Nowhere else in the world will you see such girls earning their living."

"The self-supporting woman in America has won an enviable reputation for good taste in dress," says the writer. "Not even in Paris, where every woman is supposed to be chic and to have an 'air,' do the self-supporting girls bear the stamp of gentility in clothes that you can note in any large city or factory town in the United States."

-O-O-

Woman's Opposition to Woman Suffrage.

Women, conservative by instinct and training, are still to a large extent in opposition, to the extension of the elective franchise, until they are made to feel the need of it. The Anti-Suffragists, it

must be said, are almost, without exception, women who have most of the things the other women are trying to get.

The society formed in New York a month ago under the name of the League for the Civic Education of Women, with the object of opposing the suffrage movement, has among its founders, Miss Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Samuel Untermyer, Mrs. Barclay Hazard, Mrs. Julian Heath, Miss Eleanor Hewitt and Mrs. William Putnam, all women of wealth and social importance. The laws of New York state which directly concern women of wealth and social importance are liberal in their provisions. The property rights of New York women are perfectly preserved. Married women may manage their own business affairs entirely apart from their husbands. A woman may engage in any profession or business she chooses. New York women are co-guardians with their husbands of their own children. In only thirteen of the United States of America has any mother the legal custody of the baby in her arms, but New York women have been given that right.

The anti-suffragists argue that since so many rights and privileges have been accorded women without the aid of the ballot, then the ballot will be superfluous as a means of securing in the future other rights and privileges that may be deemed desirable. That sounds reasonable, but—so the suffragists claim—the rights and privileges which belong to Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, Mrs. Samuel Untermyer, and Miss Eleanor Hewitt, and which satisfy them, are not quite the same rights which Miss Kate Murphy, Miss Sadie Goldberg, and Miss Louise Michelson feel that they are deprived of because they have neither wealth nor importance, social or political. The relation between politics and the pay envelope does not affect one class of women. It does very intimately affect the other class.

Relative suffrage and anti-suffrage strength is difficult to estimate with complete accuracy. The suffragists have organizations in thirty-seven states and a national organization of 51,911 members. The anti-suffragists have organizations or committees in eight states. They are most active in Massachusetts and New York. Yet in New York, the most active in the politically, anti-suffragists have but five local bodies, while the State Suffragist association has 125 clubs in thirty-two counties.—Exchange.

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The Sensations of Youth.

In the American Magazine President G. Stanley Hall of Clark university writes frankly about the training of children during adolescence. One of his interesting ideas is presented as follows: "Young people need to tingle with sentiments, and the appetite for excitement and sensation is at its height in the teens. Here is where the principle of contrast comes in. The young man, of his chief opportunities and resources. Excitement the young must have, for feelings are now their life. If they cannot find it in the worthy, they are strongly predisposed to seek it in the grosser forms of pleasure. Hence, every glow of aesthetic appreciation, every thrill aroused by heroism, every pulse of religious aspiration weakens by just so much the potent energy of passion, but it is found in its kinetic equivalent in a higher form of expression. It is from this point of view that some of our German co-laborers have even gone so far as to advocate a carefully selected course of love stories, chosen so as to bring out the most chivalric side of the tender passion at this age, when it is most plastic and capable of idealization; while others have advocated theater going to seek out the feelings of life, action and adventure, that emotional tension may be discharged not merely harmlessly, but in an elevating way."

-O-O-

How to Get Plump.

The fat-producing foods are principally milk, cream, eggs, butter, olive oil; the sweets—sugar, honey, sweet desserts, jams, sweetmeats, and the vegetable fats—potatoes, peas, beans, corn, cereals; wheat bread, rye, cereals of all kinds, rice, sago, etc. Of the fruits, peaches, grapes, bananas, prunes, and figs are especially recommended. The only foods cut out of a thin person's diet are the condiments—pickles, pepper, mustard, curry, salt, etc.; the acids, including acid fruits, the vinegar in salad dressing, etc.; and the stimulants, tea and coffee. It must not be forgotten that although the tissue-making foods, such as meats, fish, etc., are not fat-producing, they are required for their own special functions. Some of the green vegetables and fruits are not fat-producing, but they are needed for other purposes. The fat-producing foods should be indulged in principally, but not to the exclusion of others.

A character's menu appropriate for one who is trying to gain weight is as follows: "At rising—One glass of hot milk. Breakfast, at 8 o'clock—Sweet fruit, cereal with cream and sugar; two soft-boiled eggs; bread with thick layer of butter, jam or honey; cup of chocolate or glass of milk. Lunch, at 1 o'clock—Creamed fish; baked potatoes with butter; peas, pudding made of sago and eggs; glass of milk. At 4 o'clock—Glass of milk with egg beaten up in it; cake. Dinner, at 7 o'clock—Cream soup; fat rare beefsteak; mashed potatoes, beans; creamed asparagus; beet salad, French dressing; rice pudding. Bedtime, at 9 o'clock—Hot milk; raw egg. She who wishes to get fat should drink water or milk or both with her meals. Drinking water is said to make one eat more.—Harper's Bazar.

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Curing Nervous Dyspepsia. The doctor had told her she had no organic trouble and to cure rested with herself. She had doctored and doctored for years, so learning this good news, she determined to try a new plan.

Here is what she did: She cut out all medicine. She stopped dieting; that is she tested things till she found those that agreed with her and ate of them freely. She ate slowly, laughing and talking much in the process. She gave up violent physical exercise, but took a brisk walk each day. She took a cold sponge each morning; going back to bed for five minutes afterwards before beginning to dress. She gave herself massage of the abdominal, chest and throat muscles for five minutes morning and evening. She stopped overstraining her mind. When her head aches and her eyes began to feel tired she rested them. She neglected to worry and cultivated her amusing friends. In a month she was well.

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The Hot Weather Breakfast.

Isn't it perplexing to know just what to serve for breakfast these warm mornings when the very thought of heavy food is repulsive to all save those who must do heavy manual labor? The American wants his coffee, and he wants it a good grade. It is better by far to have a good quart of cream than a pound of meal, especially as the cream that one is compelled to purchase. The cream adds everything to the coffee and cereal. If melons are served first, fill them with chopped ice; if oranges or bananas are preferred, have them cold; grape fruit can be placed in a dish of cracked ice. Creamed fish is tempting,

though the white fish should be boiled the day before, shredded from the bone and cooked in cream gravy. For this put sweet butter in the sauce pan and let it get red hot, then blend the flour with it, thin slightly with cold water and as soon as it boils, add the desired quantity of cream, seasoned with salt and pepper. Pour in the fish and stir lightly with a fork until thoroughly heated. If eggs are preferred, beat them very lightly and turn into a skillet containing melted butter and half as much lard. If the egg is thinned with water it will make a lighter omelette than if mixed with milk. Cream toast is made the same as the creamed fish, only meat is added to the gravy which is poured over thin slices of toast. A tempting dish is made by toasting thin slices of bread, allowing one slice for each individual dish. Have baked tomatoes in cream gravy and place a tomato on each slice of bread, make a slit in the top of the tomato and put on a piece of butter sufficient to season it. Crackers should never be stale and it is best to heat them through before the meal is prepared and they will be cooled by the time breakfast is served. A tempting way to serve baked apples is to pare them, cut in quarters, lay the pieces in a baking pan and cover lightly with powdered sugar or granulated sugar; add butter and nutmeg. Dredge lightly with flour, add enough water to about half cover the apples and bake. The flour and juices form a jelly around the apples and this is indeed a very delicious way to serve cooked apples. Warm muffins with currant jelly, can be served if warm bread is preferred to wheat bread, or baking powder biscuits and honey is as tempting. Many insist on warm bread, often preferring it to a meat or egg breakfast. The bread should be baked in the skins or dropped in hot fat and quickly cooked, then sprinkled with salt and pepper. They are considered indigestible, but not so if properly cooked and drained free of hot fat. Have the table clean, dainty, with everything served as nicely as possible, and have a bouquet of garden flowers to give that cheerful feeling. Often one can gather bowls of big morning glories for the purpose. Even though they shut up like clams before the dishes are washed and never smile again, the big, bold blue, purple and pink blossoms are genuinely pretty.—Woman's National Daily.

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Women in Business Life.

When one speaks of a business woman, it sounds a trifle mannish and brings to mind a creature with brain and brawn sufficient to shake the old earth and get just what she wants. She is described as a tailored girl, wearing the prim shirt-waist and conventional black dress skirt and sound sense shoes. But among the women in board and offices is equal to a beauty carnival, for certainly there are many very beautiful women in business life. If they were given full play and not made to wear certain garments, the sight would be equal to an up-to-date Vanity Fair, for women clerks love to dress becomingly. Where one will see the finest appearing woman in a cloak or suit department where the model displays the fine garments, donning them herself and parading forth to display the grandeur of quality and quantity to a possible buyer. These women models have excellent height, weight and form, three beauty features, and many have lovely faces. A story is told of a young woman unable to secure a position because of her unusual beauty, since she was so attractive that she merely caused a stampede and no sales. This is taking beauty wholesale into the business world, only to reject it because it is too fine for the place. But this beauty is not long lived. It is claimed that five years of business life will break the beauty as well as the spirit of a business woman. Unless these beauties marry in the meantime or return home, they drift and on with the tide and resort to artificial means to retain their former good looks. Strange to say, many women of less comely appearance marry around them from year to year and the beauties continue at their accustomed places; this is proof positive that beauty is not always a snare, for often it fails to capture the heart of the worst. But, nevertheless, it is pleasant to meet these angelic-faced women back of counters or behind their desks, for there is something decidedly enjoyable in coming face to face with Dame Fortune's most attractive daughters, no matter where they are.

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Dishwashing. Do not get discouraged about having to wash dishes 365 days in the year. Dishes must be washed, and of all the many duties that fall to woman's lot this seems to be the most disliked. But there is an ideal way. The chief things required to make it a pleasure are care, order, plenty of good hot water and a stack of dry tea towels, two dishcloths and a large enamel bowl. The dishes, when removed from the table, must have each of its kind put together. Put all the cooking utensils on the range and fill them with water until the time comes to clean them. Have a receptacle in which to place all the scraps that come from the dishes, plates, etc. The most important thing is to have plenty of hot water—not merely warm, but hot—and use some good soap in the water to make your work easy. Clean the greasy meat dishes and plates quickly. Use a scrubbing mop and handles for deep-mouthed jugs and have nice dishcloths made of cheesecloth.

-O-O-

Seasonable Hints. Keep Berries Over Night.—Every housekeeper has found it difficult to keep berries over night for Sunday dinner. If you put the berries in glass jars as soon as they are at hand and put a rubber and cover over and screw the top on tight the next day the berries will be as nice as when put in cans provided you put them in the refrigerator or other cool place. Prevent Stained Fingers.—An excellent way to avoid staining the fingers when paring vegetables and fruit, particularly when one is working with the cold cut leaves of a head of lettuce into shreds, toss lightly with bacon squares, and mix with the dressing. Nut and Celery Salad.—Break three eggs into a granite pan, adding four tablespoons of vinegar. Stir this on stove constantly until thick, then set it aside. When the mixture has cooled, add the third of a cup of oil and a dash of salt and pepper. Whip one-half cup of cream and stir it with the mixture. Pour this over one-half bunch of celery, cut in small pieces, and one-half pound English walnuts.

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Rather Tedious. Caller.—Do you think the doctor is going to help you, Mr. Jones? Jones.—He may, if I can only follow his orders. He told me to drink hot water thirty minutes before every meal, but it is hard work to drink hot water thirty minutes.—Pittsburg Observer.

CORK OUTPUT IS LOWER

DISEASE AMONG CORK OAKS THREATENS SUPPLY.

Lack of Knowledge as to Right Treatment for Trees—Poor Ways of Taking Bark.

That the output of cork is rapidly decreasing, owing to disease among the cork oaks and lack of knowledge regarding their treatment and the proper methods of gathering the bark, is asserted by P. Santolue in the Paris Cosmos. It may be that in future years we shall have to depend entirely on substitutes for the many uses to which this substance is now put. The writers quotes especially the observation of Dr. Ducomet, who has been studying the subject for two years past and who advises certain methods for preserving the growth of the trees. He says:

"The cork trees are perishing throughout certain regions, those of Mezen and Lavade, for instance. Stunted trees with the ends of their branches dead are sometimes attacked by parasites, mostly fungi. In these conditions the bark forms a thicker crust with more numerous holes; it has no longer the flexibility, the fine texture or even the color that have given it its value. This diseased state of the tree makes it difficult, in dry years, to remove the bark without injuring the tree. * * * A third of the product must be rejected on account of its small thickness, which scarce reaches fifteen millimeters (three-fifths of an inch) instead of at least an inch.

"The slowness of growth of the inner bark does not, as has been thought, cause a finer grain and greater elasticity. Besides, if these advantages really existed, they would be offset by increase in the number and size of the cavities. On the other hand, by delaying the time of gathering the bark, which is done normally once in ten years, the thickness is not sensibly increased. The annual layers, in fact, diminish in size from the outer bark inward. Besides, the bark becomes decrepitate in the very ten years, is also subject to attack by ants. The principal defect is the formation of the canals, simple or branched, that traverse the entire thickness of the cork and finally become filled with a dusty brownish powder.

"The state of decrepitude of the cork oaks is noticed especially in places where the maritime pine flourishes, in dry regions, in fine sandy soil, poor in organic matter, with an undergrowth formed almost entirely of heath, moss and lichens instead of the vegetation encountered in richer and moister soils. But the elimination of the pine, which is injurious to the cork trees, which does not benefit the cork, is not sufficient to restore the cork to its normal activity. 'Surfeited' cork, older than the usual ten years, is also subject to attack by ants. The principal defect is the formation of the canals, simple or branched, that traverse the entire thickness of the cork and finally become filled with a dusty brownish powder.

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"Without desiring to close a question whose investigation can hardly be said to be complete as yet, Mr. Ducomet advises rational methods of treatment, including absolute suppression of any use of the ground about the trees for farming or pasturage, the maintenance of the undergrowth, moderation in the height to which the removal of bark extends, and reduction of the number of cuts, drainage of accumulation of liquid, destruction of the maritime pine, and the keeping of the trees within their natural limits of territory, without any attempt at extension toward the forest of resinous trees.

-O-O-

"The uses of cork are very numerous; and after the most valuable part of the bark has been utilized, all the debris and residues may be employed. In one French factory these are transformed into protecting covers for glass vessels, polishers for glass, etc., etc."—Literary Digest.

Shelley's Edinburgh Home.

One of the two Edinburgh houses associated with the name Shelley is in process of demolition. Though there is a little uncertainty as to Shelley's first house, the house in which, or from which, he was married to Harriet Westbrook in September, 1811, a correspondent thinks the evidence is almost conclusive in favor of No. 60 George street, the "handsome front parlor" in which Shelley spent his honeymoon being now a shop. Of the second house, however, there is no uncertainty. He lived in it for nearly three months in the autumn of 1813 and addressed many letters from it, putting the fact beyond all doubt. They are headed "36 Frederick street," and this is the house which is now being pulled down to make room for large buildings. Here Shelley, with Harriet and "the blue eyed angel," spent many happy days, and here also Shelley wrote his "Refutation of Deism," and became known as the author of "Queen Mab"—privately printed in the summer of 1813.—The Scotsman.

China's Girl Wives.

Girl children are often unwelcome in China. A terrible witness to this is a stone standing near a pool outside the city of Foochow. On it is the inscription, "Girls may not be drowned here." Poor parents often sell or give away a daughter when but a few weeks or months old, to be the future wife of a boy about her own age. The child who becomes a bride by a "rearing marriage" is taken home and brought up by the family of her future husband. An English woman, when visiting a school, observed a bright boy about eight years of age carrying a baby girl. She asked if she were his sister, whereupon the boy looked shy and did not answer. His brother volunteered the information: "She is his wife!"—Chicago News.

Archie and Quentin in Mischief.

President Roosevelt's children yesterday provided the worshippers in Christ Episcopal church, Oyster Bay, with several matters of interest. The family attended the services, and scarcely had the Roosevelts settled in the family pew before Mrs. Roosevelt whispered to Quentin, who hurried from the church. In the rear of the automobile he found his mother's purse, but instead of returning it at once he started on a run for the

village, where he had an ice cream soda before racing back.

Meanwhile Archie Roosevelt, after trying various forms of amusement, pulled his knife from his pocket and carved on the back of the pew. "W. D. Parker," the name of his tutor, was kneeling at the far end of the pew. Then, brushing the chips from his knees, Archie carved "A. R." and had just completed his work when his mother saw what was going on. Mr. Parker put an end to the knife work.

WEIGHT OF A HORSE.

Bad Guesses Made by Men Unskilled in Horsemanship.

Many people even among those who frequently make use of horses, have little idea what an ordinary horse weighs, and would have much difficulty to guess whether a given animal, standing before their eyes, weighed 500 or 1500 pounds. Yet they would have no such difficulty with a man, and probably be able to guess, especially if they were good Yankees, within 10 or 20 pounds of his weight. The governments of Europe have long been purchasing and weighing horses for the military service, and transferring them from carriage or draft employment to the various branches of the cavalry and artillery. The animals are ordinarily assigned, according to weight. The French military authorities find that an ordinary light carriage or riding horse, such as in the United States would be called a "good little buggy horse," weighs from 300 to 400 kilograms—say from 800 to 900 pounds. Such horses as these are assigned to the light cavalry corps. The next grade above, which in civil life passes as a "couple horse," is the carriage horse of medium weight, ranges in weight up to 450 kilograms, about 1050 pounds. This horse goes to help mount the cavalry of the line.

Next comes the fashionable "coach horse" of persons of luxury, which weighs from 500 to 580 kilograms, or from 1000 to nearly 1300 pounds. These horses go to serve the purposes of drill for the cavalry belonging to the reserve military forces. Above these there are still two grades of heavy horses. The first are those used for ordinary draft purposes, and are commonly found drawing the omnibuses of Paris, where such vehicles are still in use. These weigh from 1100 to 1500 pounds. The heaviest horses are the tyndalides and Percherons, which are oxen in size and strength, and which weigh from 600 to 800 and sometimes even up to 900 kilograms, that is, from 1300 up to nearly 2000 pounds. None of these Percherons of the heaviest weight are used in the military service, but some of the lighter ones are employed for draft and artillery purposes.—Buffalo Commercial.

DISCOVERIES AT KNOSSOS.

Result of Year's Excavations by Dr. Evans in Crete.

May I beg a little space to inform those interested in Cretan exploration of a series of discoveries lately made at Knossos? The news of Dr. Evans is exceedingly good. He has been working all the season in the large house which lies to the west of the palace, but unfortunately is deeply buried under the talms of a hill. With great labor Dr. Evans has now reached the further limit of this building and on his way has found much. A magnificent stoneware vase in the shape of a bull's head, with inlay of cut shell about the nostrils, and with crystal eyeballs, the iris being painted on the back of the crystal, reveals to us a new technique.

In another quarter, on the north, a great hoard of bronze implements and utensils, including a large tripod and caldron in perfect preservation, will much increase our knowledge of the finer domestic apparatus of Minoan civilization. As Dr. Evans speaks of having unearthed a great number of early vases with these tools there should be no difficulty in dating the latter and thereby getting standard forms.

On the south of the palace a range of buildings has been found at a lower level largely buried under debris of the palace itself. The latter included a mass of ivory fragments, the remains of carved caskets and of fresco paintings. Inside the south building itself, under a staircase, a small hoard of silver vessels has come to light—some bowls and a jug. These will be welcomed as first fruits of that work in precious metals which so greatly influenced the ceramic artists of the middle Minoan periods, but has generally disappeared. We hear, too, of fine vases of various kinds, one with papyrus plant ornament in relief and others in the best "palace style." Work is also proceeding rapidly on the restoration of the royal palace, on the east of the palace, and every effort is being made to get into the great dome tomb found last year and to find other tombs.—London Times.

Moffett and the Bishop.

Some one revived the other day a story on Cleveland Moffett, now one of the chief makers of the New York Herald. At the time it all happened Moffett was the star reporter on Bennett's short-lived experiment of a Herald in London. Moffett had had his share of the royal patronage, and in Paris, and was under the impression that the star reporter didn't have to take his hat off to the Angel Azrael unless he wanted to. One day his chief told him to visit the bishop of London. "Ask him these questions," said the editor, making out a list of impertinent and pertinent queries. Moffett hailed a hansom, and new and new, and started for the bishop's palace, he gave his card to a magnificent man servant. Tall, with fatted calves, distending silken hose, severe of facial aspect as became the servant of a bishop. Mr. Moffett felt almost like apologizing for troubling him. Then he sat down in the reception hall and waited. And waited, and waited hours. Just as he was about to ring for the servant and demand that he be shown up at once, that prideful mental entered. "Is lordship," he said, "arks to be hexused, and will the gentleman haccept this arf crown to pay his keb back to the Strend?" They say that to this day Moffett will let go all holds and sit down and blaspheme whenever he is in surr butting once, when some one yells, "Here comes the bishop of London." Moffett almost drowned, but when they dragged him out he was still spouting curses.—Cincinnati Times Star.

May Substitute Soft Steel.

The navy department authorities are considerably interested in the possibility that a certain grade of soft steel may be substituted for bar iron in articles which are now purchased for use in navy yards. If this is accomplished it will be an important matter and of much value in a commercial way to the producers of steel, who have been insisting that there would be advantages accruing to the government by the change. A consideration of this technical question, and a letter has been sent by the department of the navy to the commandant of the New York navy yard and the commandants of other yards calling for such information as would be of service in bringing about this change.

HE NEVER BLAMED THE BOOZE.

He took a bottle up to bed.
Drank whisky hot all night;
Drank cocktails in the morning,
But never could get tight.
He slivered in the evening,
And always had the blues.
Until he took a bowl or two—
But he never blamed the Booze.

His joints were full of rheumatism,
His appetite was slack;
He had pains between the shoulders,
Chills ran down his back.
He suffered with the evening,
And always had the blues.
At night he couldn't snooze,
He said it was the climate—
But he never blamed the Booze.

His constitution was run down,
At least that's what he said;
His legs were swelled each morning,
And he often had the blues.
He tackled beer, wine, whisky,
And it didn't faze him.
He blamed it to dyspepsia—
But he never blamed the Booze.

He said he couldn't sleep at night,
And always had bad dreams;
And if he laid awake all night,
Till early sound the bells.
He thought it was malaria,
Ains! 'twas but a ruse;
He blamed it onto everything—
But he never blamed the Booze.

His liver needed scraping,
And his kidneys had the gout;
He swallowed lots of bitters,
Till at last he cleaned them out.
His legs were swelled with dropsy,
Till he had to cut his shoes,
He blamed it to the doctor—
But he never blamed the Booze.

His clothes were getting seedy,
His nose was getting red,
His children were hungry,
Himself not too well fed.
His family he neglected,
His wife he did abuse;
He blamed all her relations—
But he never blamed the Booze.

Then he had the tremens,
And he tackled all the snakes;
Fits he had the fever,
Then he had the shakes;
At last he had a funeral,
And the mourners had the blues;
And the epitaph carved for him was—
"He never blamed the Booze."
—By Permission of Shan. T. Boy.

HIS MINING STORY.

Arthur Huish came across his old friend Johnson—Buster Johnson—at the entrance to Olympia. Their last meeting had been on the Yukon river in the Klondike.

Buster was a typical Canadian, and his greeting was effusive. Huish was decidedly cool.

"My word, if you ain't a dood!" said Buster, with his eyes, the searching, blue eyes of the westerner, running over his friend.

"I'm at home now, you know," answered Huish.

"Let me introduce you to Mrs. Flax," said Buster.

Huish bowed. The lady was unmistakably American, and looked, in her frock of mauve muslin, as dainty and fresh as a sweet pea. He could hardly believe she was a friend of Buster.

"Mrs. Flax is going in to see the show, but I can't wait," continued the Canadian, "so perhaps you'll take her round?"

"I shall be only too happy," said the Englishman.

"You're verry kind," said Mrs. Flax, in a soft voice.

Buster shook hands heartily and lunged away. Huish gave a sigh of relief and followed Mrs. Flax into the mining exhibition.

"What would you like to see?" asked Huish.

"Mr. Johnson told me to take it in quickly," said Mrs. Flax.

"Poor old Buster!" said Huish, with a laugh. "Did he expect you to be interested in hammer drills and boilers and steam pumps?"

"Perhaps he's not so well acquainted with mining as you are, Mr. Huish," observed the lady.

"Oh, Buster is a man of some experience," he answered, patronizingly. "He certainly understands mining, but he naturally doesn't regard it from the same standpoint as myself."

"What is your particular standpoint?"

Mrs. Flax gave him a keen, questioning glance. He saw that her eyes were gray with dark lashes. She was wonderfully pretty.

"The standpoint of the novelist—the observer—the man who looks for real romance and true adventure," replied Huish.

"Isn't that lovely?" said Mrs. Flax, with enthusiasm. "Can't Mr. Johnson appreciate your standpoint?"

"I am afraid poor old Buster only appreciates dollars."

"Is that so?"

Her voice sounded bored. She looked indifferent, and stopped to examine a safety lamp. Huish was seized with the desire to make her look at him again with those soft gray eyes.

"Have you read any of my books, Mrs. Flax?"

"Why, no! What are they called?"

"A Girl in a Gold Mine" is considered the best."

"It sounds verry interesting—he saw the gray eyes again. "Where have you laid the scene?"

"In the Kootenay district, British Columbia."

"For the lands sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Flax. "You must tell me all about it—right now!"

Huish took her into the Diamond Prospecting Camp, found a couple of chairs sufficiently far from the band, and told her all about it, from chapter one to the last page.

The woman was a good listener. He enjoyed himself intensely.

"The story is founded on fact," he said. "It happened at a camp in the Kootenay. The mine was called Old Kootenay, after its owner, and the heroine was the only daughter."

"Did you know them?" asked Mrs. Flax.

"Well—no," said Huish, with some hesitation, "but I knew all about the girl. I can truly say I wrote her from life."

"Then your lovely tale isn't really first hand?"

Huish was annoyed. He thought the question unnecessary. Mrs. Flax hastened to conciliate him.

"I mean it's so verry clever, but is it quite fair to make her so rough?"

"My dear lady, she was the daughter of Old Calamity, a bragging, drinking, swearing old miner."

"Did Mr. Johnson tell you that?"

"Buster Johnson told me she went down the mine, nearly every day, with the men—down the shaft on a swinging ladder, and they pulled her up in the bucket that is used to carry ore."

"That wanted nerve," observed Mrs. Flax.

"She rode astride, and dressed like a

boy, and smoked, and played a capital game of euchre."

"Turrible girl!" said Mrs. Flax, with a shudder.

They left the Kimberley mines, after Huish had delivered a brief lecture on diamond washing, and went to look at the mineral specimens from Rhodesia.

Huish waxed eloquent on hydraulic gold mining and free milling. He made her examine case after case of copper ore; he raved over peacock-colored malachite in quartz; he explained the process of smelting; he went at length into the intricacies of compressed air engines, crushers and pulverizers—he showed her every exhibit to be seen at Olympia.

It was 7 o'clock when they left the exhibition.

"I am going to dine with Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Flax, who looked a little weary.

"Dear old Buster! Doesn't he bore you?" said Huish.

"I am not easily bored," said Mrs. Flax, with a sweet smile.

Huish put her into a taxi.

"I have spent a perfectly delightful afternoon!" he said.

"So have I!"—the gentle gray eyes looked into his. "But I fear I ought to tell you, before I thank you, that my late husband was a mining engineer, my father was known in the Kootenay district as Old Calamity, and I'm going to marry Mr. Johnson."

Huish stared blankly after the taxi, then he made a forcible observation all to himself—Peggy Webling in the London Leader.

CLEVELAND OLD-FASHIONED.

Such Reforms as the Initiative and Referendum Did Not Interest Him.

Grover Cleveland was old-fashioned. This central fact explained most of his virtues and all of his failings. The United States had got past him. He had no telephone in his house—no talking machine in his parlor—no automobile in his barn. He never felt the need of Marconiograms, subway expresses, fifty-story skyscrapers, or 700-foot steamships. With all the treasures and wonders of the Twentieth century at his door, he put on his old clothes and went fishing, writes Herbert Casson in his article on "Grover Cleveland" in the New Broadway Magazine.

He was an individualist. There was no compartment in his brain for mergers or get-rich-quick stock companies. He had certain fixed principles, from which no argument, good or bad, could move him. He even felt himself to be the official custodian of these principles. He opposed himself obstinately to those who ignored the old rules of leadership. When a man was made the captain of a ship, he believed it was his duty to steer by the rap and the compass, not by the scenery.

He was by instinct a conservator, not an improver. He disliked innovations. He wanted the same old things in the same old places. Even when one of his beloved principles was served up to him with a new name, he was suspicious of it. On one occasion, for instance, I tried to get him to approve of the initiative and referendum, which are simply the essence of democracy in their latest form, but Mr. Cleveland drew back from the unfamiliar words.

"No," he said, "I don't think I can stand for the initiative and the referendum. Several fellows have been sending me pamphlets on that subject for years; but I don't exactly know what it all means."

Kipling's Tale to Students.

Rudyard Kipling concluded his recent address to the students of McGill university with an attack on "smartness."

He said: "Whenever and wherever you find one of your dear little playmates showing signs of smartness in his work, his talk or his play, take him tenderly by the hand, by both hands, by the back of the neck, if necessary, and lovingly, playfully, but firmly lead him to a knowledge of high and more interesting things."

Afterward Mr. Kipling told a story about a smart man.

"This man," he said, "owned a dry goods store, and one day, to his great disgust, he heard a new clerk say, to a lady:

"No, ma'am; we have not had any for a long time."

"With a fierce glance at the clerk the smart employer rushed up to the lady and said:

"We have plenty in reserve, ma'am; plenty upstairs."

"Lady and clerk looked dazed, and afterward the smart proprietor learned that the clerk's remark had been made in answer to the lady's: 'We haven't had any rain lately.'—Boston Herald.

The Prudent Piper.

Thomas F. Ryan, the financier, was talking about music in the smoking room of the Deutschland.

"I like all music," he said, "except such native and special sorts as the tontons, the bagpipes or the Indian hufan give off."

"Sounding of bagpipes, did you ever notice how a piper prances up and down as he pipes? He never sits, he never stands still, but up and down, round and round, to and fro he struts continually."

"A little boy, listening to the weird skirl of the bagpipes of a street performer, once said to his father:

"Father, why does the piper keep on the move all the time he plays?"

"I can't say, my boy," the father answered, "unless it is to prevent any one getting the range with a cobblestone."

—New York Tribune.

The Unprodigal Son.

Otto E. Schaer, president of a club of New York waiters, said the other day of a parsimonious young man:

"He resembles a chap they tell about in Bucks county."

"This chap lived alone with his father. On the old man's death he would inherit the estate."

"Well, finally, the old man took sick. His end drew near. The son sat up with him a night or two, expecting him to pass away, but he lingered on."

"On the fifth or sixth night the son, instead of sitting up, put a lamp, turned very, very low, on a table by the bed, and went off to his own room with the caution."

"When you feel that it is all over with you, father, don't forget to blow out the lamp."—Washington Star.

A Practical Suggestion.

It was his first Sunday school and he sat in the infants' department eagerly watching the superintendent illustrate the board.

The superintendent drew the path to heaven—one straight line—and started the figure of a man on it. Gradually the man became larger and larger and finally when he arrived at the gate of heaven he could not get in.

The superintendent turned to his small audience and, in a tragic and sorrowful tone, said: "You see he is so puffed up with sin that he cannot enter in."

"Try him sideways, mister, try him sideways," came the small shrill voice from the infants' department.—Philadelphia Ledger.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Earl R. Hunt lost a Sigma Chi fraternity badge while driving from Green-castle to Cloverdale in Putnam county, Ind., two months ago. The pin has just been found in the "beaters" at the Marion paper mills. The supposition is that the badge, which was set with opals, was gathered up in old papers which were baled and shipped to the Marion paper plant.

Theodore Norman, an engineer at the Avon, Ind. Avon by the Sea, N. J., fell down a stairway at his home in Hamburg, Germany, twenty-six years ago and received a deep cut over the right eye. The other day when blood started from the old wound, Mr. Norman pressed his handkerchief against it. The handkerchief caught on what proved to be a piece of glass three quarters of an inch in length. He carried the glass bottle at the time he fell down the stairs.

William Wilhelm, Ansonia, Conn., drove to Woodbury to visit his brother. He was caught in a thunder storm, and when he reached his brother's his trousers were wringing wet and bespattered with mud. He borrowed another pair of pants and wore them while the hired girl washed the other pair.

Wilhelm went calling on friends, and when he returned found a crowd looking at \$200 in wet money hanging on a clothes line.

The girl had been in this country only a few days and did not know that what she found in the pants was money.

Riding the same black horse that killed Milton Beeler, the world's champion steer roper, at his ranch a few days ago, Robert Kiser became the world's champion by roping a steer in twenty-nine seconds at a contest at Bromide, Okla. This is the best record held by any man living. Beeler made the famous record of twenty-two seconds. While trying to rope a steer at his ranch at Pontotoc Beeler was thrown from his horse and killed.

R. E. Jamison, riding the same horse, which is known as "Nigger," tried to beat Kiser's record. He rode the horse three times and the rider was almost crushed to death, the horse rolling over him.

Kiser, now holding the record, has issued a challenge to all comers to meet him in a contest to be held at Bromide September 3 to 5, and take the record away from him if they can.

Clutching in her arms her baby, which she could not see because of the child having blinded her by sticking its little finger in her eye, Mrs. Clifford Barker, wife of an evangelist, was brought in a sailboat to the mainland at Eastport, L. I. Mrs. Barker, who was visiting at the Moriches lifesaving colony on the beach opposite here, was playing with the child when it suddenly pressed a finger into the left eye. The eye immediately swelled, the inflammation extending to the other eye and producing total blindness. There being no physician near, it was decided to take the mother to this village for medical attention. Earl Suydam being detailed to sail the boat. Forgive and affectionately as she carried the cause of her misfortune, Mrs. Barker's eyes were treated and she was carried to the home of a friend. It is hoped that under proper treatment the eyesight may be restored.

High in the Moosic mountains, while resting with her woman companions after picking up huckleberries, Mrs. John Sennick of Jessup, Pa., gave birth to a twelve-pound boy. The mother and boy are doing well, and in her home Mrs. Sennick is richer by a little son and nine quarts of berries which she had gathered before the storm made his call.

In the hopes that they might renew their supply of honey, which they got on a previous day, and hoping that workmen would cut down more trees, nearly a hundred children appeared on the old Tieman estate, running from Riverside drive to Broadway and One Hundred and Thirty-seventh street, and Manhattan street, New York city, with pails and pitchers. They got no more honey. An old oak tree was chopped down as it was more than 200 years old. As workmen sawed a large piece of the trunk they found a large amount of honey and in the trunk were many cones. The word quickly spread, and in a few minutes there were many children gathering up honey in pails, cups and pitchers.

Complying with a recent ruling of the Indian department of the government, and with a desire to follow the white man's civilized ways in regard to marriage relations, six Indian couples in Lawton, Okla., who have been living together for many years, have been married under the law. The new ruling places additional importance on the fact to the Indians that to establish legal rights to property the Indians must be married under the state laws. Those taking advantage of their opportunity recently are: Tade, 35 years old, and Weyvayah, 32 years old, both of Cache; Arthur Wamashdoh, 21, and Mary Alahche, both of Apache; A-tan-vich, 37, and Ti-na-nema-bitten, 24, both of Indianahome; Takewater, 47, and Her-may-ah, 44, both of Cache; Po-how-week-ah, 48, and Neido, 58, both of Cache; To-wah, 49, and Wim-ner-chy, 47, both of Taupa.

Mrs. Willa A. Ball of Springfield, Mo., who sued John T. G. Goldsmith to recover a \$200 diamond, which she says she obtained from the claw of a chicken which she was dressing, has obtained possession of the gem and the diamond. The four lambs were hungry several weeks, suddenly went dry. Green began to think that the local option idea was being carried just a little too far and decided to investigate, and he found four motherless lambs getting breakfast direct from nature's fount, with the cow evidently enjoying the proceeding. The four lambs were hungry. Green thought it an unnecessary condition for them to be in when she had "enough and to spare." Carl decided that thereafter the cow and lambs should occupy separate apartments in his establishment.

A remarkable story of exposure, suffering and privation is told by Joe Staley, pioneer miner in Alaska gold-fields, who has completed a journey to the northernmost portion of Alaska in quest of the body of his son, a prospector, who was drowned in a tributary of Porcupine river about June 1. Single-handed the old prospector bought the body of his son from the distant Alaskan wilds to Seattle. Six hundred miles of the journey he made down stream in a canoe, the only occupant of the frail craft being the sorrowed father with the rough wooden box containing the boy's body. Twice the canoe upset and once it appeared that Staley's long

journey was to be in vain, as the precious coffin sank beneath the waves, but after two days of arduous search the father recovered it. Four times the body had to be interred temporarily owing to unavoidable delays en route south, and it was not until Valdez was reached and young Staley's body placed in a hermetically sealed casket that the trying part of the long journey was over. Staley's home is at Sidney, O., and he left Tacoma to journey east with the coffin after having traveled nearly five thousand miles, utilizing almost every known means of transportation and after having been en route fifty days when he reached Tacoma.

Cornelia Thobe, a beautiful child of 7 years, is being reared to become a leader of Socialists in Covington, Ky. Her father, John Thobe, is the Socialist candidate for Congress. He is so devoted to the party that he feels its doctrines should form the basis of the education of his children.

"Equality and independence for the common good," he says, "should form the basis of every child's education."

Cornelia, if she approves her father's plan, grows up to be a woman leader of the Socialists. Some of the things she is taught are as follows:

All little girls are equal.

Some of them are more unfortunate than herself, through no fault of theirs nor of their parents.

Under the worst conditions under which poor and neglected boys and girls abound are very much at fault.

She should be willing to devote her life to the cause of gaining equal opportunities for all children, as well as grown folks.

A baby boy in the Thobe family is to be given the same sort of education.

Miss Marie A. Gross, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Gross of Spear street, Logansport, Ind., a student of the Heron Art Institute in Indianapolis, lost a valuable diamond ring and its disappearance returned a remarkable. She was at the time at the Hanly cottage, at Powawatomie point, on the Wabash river, and, with some other girls attired in bathing suits, roved to the middle of the river to bathe. A friend suggested that she remove her diamond ring which she wore, stating that it might slip off in the water. She removed the ring and, having no other ring to put it on, she fastened it to a piece of fish line and fastened the other end to the boat. Then she jumped into the water. The girls had much sport with the boat while in the water, tipping and rocking it. When they roved back to shore Miss Gross could find neither string nor ring. The other day while Frank Hanly was running the boat he saw a string running through a crack in the rear board of the boat. He began to draw in the string, and there was an answering tug. He pulled hard, and up out of the water came a pound and a half sucker. Hanly had forgotten about the ring, and sought the hook in the sucker's mouth.

"Swallowed the darned thing," was his disgusted ejaculation. He took the line and threw the fish in the bottom of the boat. Later, when cleaning the fish, he was surprised to find the missing ring inside the sucker. The supposition is that when the girls were rocking the boat the string and ring were thrown out, dangling in the water, and that a sucker, spying the bright object, gulped it down.

John G. Raynor of West Hampton, L. I., found a diamond in a clam shell Sunday. It is not unusual to find pearls of more or less value inside Long Island clams, but this is believed to be the first time a diamond was ever found in a clam shell. William Hudgins, a summer resident of Quogue, lost a diamond ring valued at \$500 while bathing near the pavilion on the Quogue beach ten days ago. Raynor was walking along the beach at low tide Sunday, when his eye was attracted by something glittering in the sand. He picked it up and, to his surprise, found it to be a diamond ring. Inquiry proved it to be the property of Mr. Hudgins. The owner was so delighted at recovering the lost ring that he gave the finder \$50.

Guests of the Auditorium Annex hotel, Chicago, were startled and amused at the costume worn by Col. John I. Martin, sergeant-at-arms of the Democratic national committee, in the lobby of the hotel the other night, when he came from the women's room. He was dressed in a long black stogie, he walked rapidly along the main corridor to the mail chute, deposited the letters, chatted a moment with a friend, and returned to the headquarters. Three times during the evening did the colonel make his journey through the lobby, and the last time he told the clerk, "Well, another day's work done."

As a result of a spider bite Miss Myrtle Brewster, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Brewster of Anderson, Ind., is seriously ill. The young woman was eating a peach when she felt the sting of an insect on her lips, and a large spider sprang from her mouth and bit her on the hand.

Isaac Prugh for more than half a century has been officiating as an undertaker for the families of Burlington, Ia., and vicinity. He is the oldest man in the business in continuous service, having begun business in Burlington fifty-six years ago. He has interred nearly 12,000 of his fellow citizens. He has buried twenty members of one family, including four generations, and has performed the same service for fifteen members of another family. His books show services performed over the remains of many distinguished men in Iowa. During the great siege of cholera in Burlington in 1873 Mr. Prugh buried over ninety persons in one month, the deaths being as high as five a day.

During a violent fit of coughing a pin covered with rust flew from the throat of Miss Grace Harris, a school teacher, 22 years old, of Charleston, Ind., who swallowed it sixteen years ago. Miss Harris had almost forgotten having swallowed it, though she has since been troubled with sore throat and a slight difficulty in her speech.

"Does anybody want this auto?" The query propounded in obvious disgust by a disheveled individual who crawled from beneath a refractory touring car at Springfield, Mass., brought forth a big laugh from a crowd of spectators on a recent evening.

Builder John J. G. Giard said in a semi-apologetic tone, "I'll take it."

"Well, it's yours," was the response of the owner, who jammed his cap tightly on his head and walked briskly away, taking with him the number plate to conceal his identity.

Giard, who is a mechanic, with a little tinkering was able to run the big touring car to a garage. A tag marked "Hold" was the only clue to the former owner of the auto.

Carrying in his arms a legless young woman to the license counter in the county clerk's office at Newport, Ky., a young man applied for a marriage license. They gave their names as John B. Bap of Seattle and Pearl Ruppel of Portland,

Ind. The couple went from Cincinnati in a cab to Newport across the Ohio river and when the man stepped from the cab with the young woman in his arms he attracted a crowd. In the clerk's office he placed her on the counter while the document was being prepared. The young woman's legs were amputated as the result of a railway accident. After obtaining a license the couple went to a parsonage and were married.

An odd will has been filed in Worcester, Mass., by former Secretary of the Navy John D. Long for Robert D. Day, an army officer who died in Lunenburg in December 1889. A year after his death his wife Martha, petitioned to be appointed administratrix. She said he died without issue. This will was dated November 29, 1882. Mr. Long found it at this late date among papers of a deceased client. The following is a rather unique clause in the will: "To my son by my divorced wife, which son I never saw and whose name I never heard, I give and bequeath one American spread eagle in God we trust silver dollar."

William Tense, 13 years old, of Pas-saic, N. J., is in danger of losing his sight as a result of an experiment in fishing. The lad conceived the idea of blowing fish out of water with lime and catching them in a net. His plan was to half fill a bottle with lime, put a little water inside, push the cork down the neck, where the fish were likely to be. The boy fixed his bottle near his home. He did not consider that the lime and water would cause so quick an explosion. After pouring a little water in the lime the boy corked the bottle, but when he removed his hand the cork exploded, striking him in the face, and the lime gushed out and burned his face and eyes so badly that he may never see again.

George Colman of Altoona, Pa., bewailed his bad luck when his gray horse went lame. There was nothing for him to do but place the horse in the stable and hire another one. In the evening when he started to doctor the lame foot he saw something shining in the hoof. It proved to be a diamond stick pin, the stone being worth \$150, and it was this that had caused the trouble. Colman noticed that the horse was limping on the opposite rear foot and when he started to clean it out he found a \$5 gold piece.

Eight hundred barrels of beer, valued at \$8000, belonging to a brewing company at Oklahoma City, Ok., were emptied into a sewer in the presence of State Dispensary Agent Robert E. Lozier and Internal Revenue Collector Charles Howard. Two thousand people attended the emptying, some with buckets and pitchers, hoping for a chance of salvage. This hope was disappointed. The beer was on hand when the prohibitory law became effective.

A land turtle which darts, actually and figuratively, so to speak, to the time of the Civil war was found about three weeks ago by G. H. Zuver, 2408 South Broadway, St. Louis, while on a visit to the farm of H. E. Pomer near St. James, Mo.

While walking around the farm, which Pomer had recently acquired, they were just entering the barnyard when Zuver's attention was attracted by the turtle crossing his path. He picked the creature up and carried it to the side of its shell, where it lay with one side of its head, curled in a snail-like position. The turtle is about 6½ inches long by 4½ inches wide.

These turtles have been known to live for over 100 years, and this one evidently saw service during Civil war times, if the date cut into its shell is any indication. Mr. Zuver said that the looks of the turtle indicated very old age, for its eyesight seems poor, and its shell is very thick. Although it is not the variety from which turtle soup is made, Zuver brought it back with him in a basket, and is keeping it as a souvenir, awaiting its owner to identify it.

Mrs. Annie E. Tomlinson of New York, widely known as a writer on women's fashions, refused to take a dare and went in bathing fully dressed. Mrs. Tomlinson, who is petite and pretty, is just back from Paris, and with Mr. Isaac A. Makeel, was with a party of fifty made up of attaches of the Dry Goods Economist who had gone to the Chateau in Long Island, for a day's outing, luncheon and dinner. At luncheon the talk turned on what a good day it was for a bath and how nice the water looked.

"It looks good enough," said Mrs. Tomlinson, "to jump right into it."

"Why don't you?" asked Makeel.

"Think I will," said Mrs. Tomlinson. "You wouldn't dare go in as you are," continued Mr. Makeel.

"I will if you will," she replied.

"I'll bet \$50 you won't," replied Makeel.

"I will," said the young woman. "I've got as much spunk as you."

Accompanied by a dozen of the party, they went to the beach. Makeel led in gong in. Mrs. Tomlinson never hesitated for an instant, but plunged alongside him and in a moment was in up to her neck. Makeel led the way out, then assisted her up to the bank and she went to the hotel and borrowed a dry outfit of clothing. Makeel meanwhile stood on the lawn waiting while clothing was found large enough for him to wear.

"I did not think she had the pluck," said he. "Thought she'd quit when she got in up to her knees. But she didn't."

"It wasn't so bad," said Mrs. Tomlinson, when she came downstairs a short while after. "The water was fine."

Mr. Makeel paid the bet.

A party of priests of St. Boniface college, Winnipeg, accompanied by Judge Prudhomme, a few days ago discovered the site of Fort St. Charles, built in 1732 by Sieur de la Verendrye on the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods. They also found skulls of nineteen voyagers and skeletons of Father Auneau and Jean Baptiste de la Verendrye, who on June 8, 1736, were murdered by the Sioux Indians on an island in the Lake of the Woods. The memory of this lonely tragedy has been solemnly preserved by the Roman Catholic church, and has been placed in the annals of the province. The bones were found in a long stick with a hook in the end, and went away. He had not been gone five minutes when Mickey looked at Minnie, winked and laughed. Minnie winked and laughed, too. Then Mickey got the hook, raked in the fruit, and they had a delicious meal. Later Prof. Haggerty tried the trick on Baldy, the chimp, in zee, but he got the fruit within two close range before the hook was ready, and there was no need to go any further. Baldy also had an enjoyable time.

TALES OF PUBLIC MEN.

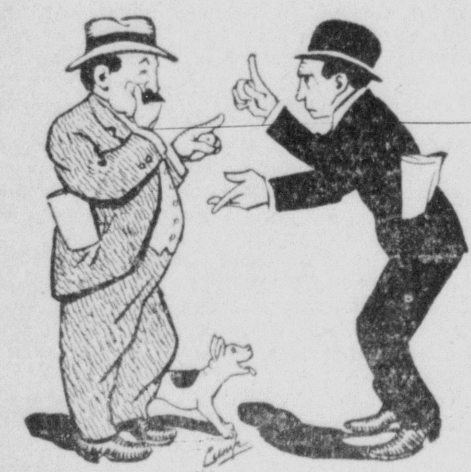
CHARLES NOBLE GREGORY, prominent as a lawyer and educator, was born in Unadilla, N. Y., August 27, 1851. He was graduated from the classical department of the University of Wisconsin in 1871, and from the law school of that institution in 1872. In the latter year he was admitted to the bar and entered upon the practice of law in Madison, Wis. In latter years he filled several public offices in the city government of Madison. From 1894 to 1901 he was associate dean of the college of law of the University of Wisconsin. In 1904 he became dean of the college of law of

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential. Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local. Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional. The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue, and all blood ailments. The "Night Cure", as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, causes nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

A. J. PELLANS.



Political prophets are sure of their ground, Till time for election returns comes around.

It's easy work to prophesy, but mighty hazardous. Best time is after the event. We are just as positive as any political prophet that our

Raymond City Lump

will please you, but we are on safe ground, for we KNOW. Our customers are perfectly satisfied. We can satisfy you. \$3.75 PER TON.

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OPENED BY Ed. M. McElwain At Hodapp Hominy Mill. BEST GRADES Of Coal Always on Hand. Weighing done by Mr. Hodapp. Leave orders at office or at Gates' store. TELEPHONE NO. 94.

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One Year in Advance.....\$1 00

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, '08.

TAFT is on his journey through the northwest and he is heard and cheered by enthusiastic thousands all along the way.

JOHN W. LEWIS, the editor of the Salem Leader, has been nominated for congress in the Third district. He is a clean and capable man and will make a good candidate.

THE people of Jackson county will observe that their representatives in the state senate and in the lower house, Carl Wood and Tom Honan, have lined up against local option and are giving all the aid they can to Crawford Fairbanks, Albert Lieber and the rest of the brewery crowd.

WHEN a farmer gets down to hard thinking about the prices that he has been able to get for everything he has had to sell for the past eleven years and then calls to mind the difficulty he had in selling his products at any price from 1893 to 1897 he at once gets skeptical about democratic policies.

A FEW days ago Bryan sent a telegram to President Roosevelt, thinking that the President would be squelched. But the telegram furnished an opportunity for President Roosevelt to send a reply that was loaded good and heavy. It caused consternation in the Bryan camp and his friends are talking about "Bryan's blunder."

Political Gossip.

Republicans should remember the township convention at the city building tonight at 7:30. Purpose is to elect delegates to the judicial, congressional and senatorial conventions.

Seymour is to be visited by at least two presidential candidates during the campaign. E. W. Chafin, the prohibition candidate, will make a political speech here Oct. 10, and Eugene V. Debbs, the socialist candidate, will arrive here on his "red special" from Louisville at 8:15 a. m., Oct. 23 and will be here 30 minutes. His train will be transferred to the B. & O. S-W. and he will go west from here. He is scheduled for a stop of 30 minutes at Medora.

Leave your order for Cincinnati Times Star, Taft's paper 6 cents week, Cole's Smoke House.

MARRIED.

KINSLER FOUNTAIN.

The marriage of Freeman W. Kinsler and Miss Mary A. Fountain, both of Clearspring, occurred Thursday evening in the Baptist Church. The ceremony was performed by the pastor, the Rev. F. M. Huckleberry. From here the young couple went to Clinton County, where they will visit a few weeks with the parents of the groom. The will be at home to their friends in Clearspring after their visit in Clinton County.

A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as a savage thing to beat a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with overwork. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble," by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the deflection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, or "bills" rising in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the "Golden Medical Discovery" regularly and stick to its use until you are vigorous and strong.

The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-alcoholic, is a glyceric extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle, is upper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the age and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised.

Don't accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

SAM GOMPERS A CHEAP MARTYR

This Is What President Van-Cleave Says of Labor Leader.

CHARGE BRANDED AS A LIE

Weird Story Told on Witness Stand

Stand by President of American Federation of Labor Is Denounced by the President of the Manufacturers' Association as a Falsehood, "and I Believe That Mr. Gompers Knew It to Be a Lie When He Made the Statements," Mr. VanCleave Concludes With Vigor.

Washington, Sept. 25.—James W. VanCleave president of the National Association of Manufacturers, has given out a statement in reply to Samuel Gompers in which he says: "I have never employed detectives or intermediaries to shadow Mr. Gompers or any other official of the American Federation of Labor. Neither have I offered him a bribe of any kind, nor have I ever had any connection with the men that he claims shadowed him and offered him a bribe. Every reference made therein to me or action on my part is false and I believe that Mr. Gompers knew it to be a lie when he made the statements. He seems to be trying to make a cheap martyr of himself."

GOMPERS'S WEIRD STORY

Witness Tells of Efforts Made to Bribe Him.

Washington, Sept. 25.—In a twelve by twelve room in the building occupied by the American Federation of Labor in this city Samuel Gompers president of the federation, introduced the name of former Secretary Taft and made serious charges against J. W. VanCleave, president of the National Association of Manufacturers. The charges were made as a part of Mr. Gompers's testimony in connection with the proceedings against himself, Vice President Mitchell and Secretary Morrisson of the federation, on the charge of contempt in violating the injunction decree of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, directing them not to publish the Bucks Stove and Range company of St. Louis as "unfair."

In the case of Mr. Taft, Mr. Gompers in effect charged that he had supplied the sentiment behind the injunction decree, while the direct charge was made that Mr. VanCleave had had Mr. Gompers and other federation officials shadowed by detectives and had undertaken to have Mr. Gompers bribed to desert the cause of organized labor, and join its enemies. Mr. Ralston, counsel for Gompers, efforts were directed toward showing a counter conspiracy by the manufacturers to destroy trades unionism, and in the course of his questioning of Mr. Gompers, he directed a number of inquiries to the political aspects of the controversy. In connection with one of these, he read the portion of Mr. Taft's presidential nomination acceptance speech bearing on the anti-injunction plank, and commenting upon the extract, Mr. Gompers said:

"It is substantially the basis of this injunction suit and these contempt proceedings under that injunction."

Mr. Ralston—"I understand you then, it is in reliance upon Mr. Taft's decisions that you are here today."

Mr. Gompers—"Justice Gould in his opinion so asserts, and he quotes from injunctions issued by Judge Taft while upon the bench."

Mr. Ralston—"Judge Taft's standing in the matter then having the endorsement of the National Association of Manufacturers?"

Mr. Gompers—"Yes."

The witness related his experience with detectives and others with thrilling detail.

After giving the details of his own pursuit by detectives, Mr. Gompers told of being approached in New York by a man named Broughton Brandenburg of New York, who, he said, had attempted in 1907 to bribe him in the interest of Mr. VanCleave. He stated that when Mr. Brandenburg first spoke to him he was leaving the Victoria hotel.

"He said," Mr. Gompers continued "that he was friendly to me, and he thought that Mr. VanCleave and myself should have a better understanding and offered to bring about a meeting between us."

Mr. Gompers stated that he told Brandenburg that he would be glad to meet Mr. VanCleave. He had not, however, on this occasion, been able to comply with Brandenburg's request for a conference, and none was arranged at that time. After Mr. Gompers returned to Washington he said that he had received several communications from Brandenburg, both under his own name and an assumed name, and stated that his correspondence had led to an agreement for a meeting in New York. On this occasion he was accompanied to New York by Vice Presidents Duncan and Huber both of whom had advised him to carry out the agreement for a conference.

Relating the particulars of the second meeting in New York, Mr. Gom-

pers said that after some preliminary talk between himself and Brandenburg, the latter disclosed to him his purpose, saying that he knew it to be the intention of Mr. VanCleave to destroy his (Mr. Gompers's) character, but that he (Brandenburg) had persuaded VanCleave that it would be better in the interest of VanCleave's purposes to make an ally of Gompers and to prevail upon him to betray the secrets of the Federation of Labor, "revealing," Mr. Gompers added, "whatever information I possessed which might reflect detrimentally upon labor organizations."

"He said," continued Mr. Gompers, "that VanCleave had agreed to this proposition, and had undertaken to suggest to me that I could permit myself to be re-elected president of the federation, in order to prevent the election of Vice President Duncan, and that after some little time I could resign. He assured me that I would be given a good lump sum, and that VanCleave would guarantee me beyond question that I would be cared for for the rest of my life."

Mr. Gompers said that he had said very little during the interview beyond what was necessary to lead Brandenburg to disclose all he had in mind. "I told him," said Mr. Gompers, "that it was difficult to believe that Mr. VanCleave would make such a proposition, and that I must have further proof of his sincerity. I wanted to obtain further proof of Mr. VanCleave's connection with the proposition, and Brandenburg said he would try to get VanCleave on the telephone and let me know what he said. He discovered that VanCleave had left town, and another meeting was then arranged. At this meeting Brandenburg showed me checks, drafts and vouchers on official letterheads of the National Association of Manufacturers and under the signature of Mr. VanCleave, which were made payable to Brandenburg."

Continuing, Mr. Gompers said that Brandenburg told him that the federation leaders were to be "roasted" in the forthcoming issue of the manufacturers' organ, "American Industries," but that if he, Gompers, agreed to the proposition that he had been made, his name would be omitted from this criticism. "I told him I would consider the proposition," continued Mr. Gompers. "I did not reject it because I wanted him to continue under the belief that I might accept. Of course I was just as determined then as I am now and always have been to be true to myself, my conscience and to my fellows." He stated in conclusion that he had related all the details of this conversation to Vice Presidents Duncan and Huber, and said that immediately after his return to Washington he had given them to Secretary Morrisson, and had had a stenographer take down his statement. During the week following, Mr. Gompers said, the American Industries had published a trade against him charging him with malfeasance in office and general dishonesty.

Township Convention.

The Republicans of Jackson Township will meet in the Council chamber of City Hall at Seymour, Ind., Friday evening Sept. 25, at 7:30 for the purpose of electing 4 delegates and 4 alternates to each of the following convention:

Congressional Convention to meet at North Vernon Sept. 30.

Judicial Convention to meet at Seymour Sept. 26.

Senatorial Convention time and place to be announced later.

J. G. SALTSMARSH, T. p., Ch.
H. C. Dannettell, Secy.

District Convention.

The republicans of the Fourth Congressional District are hereby called to meet in delegate convention in North Vernon at 1 p. m., on Wednesday, Sept. 30, 1908, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress. The apportionment of delegates to this convention is as follows: Bartholomew county 16 delegates, Brown 3, Dearborn 9, Jackson 10, Jefferson 13, Jennings 9, Johnson 11, Ohio 3, Ripley 12 and Switzerland 6. Total 92.

A. A. TRIPP, Dist. Chm.

Judicial Convention.

The delegates and alternates delegates of Scott and Jackson counties will meet at Seymour, Saturday Sept. 26 1908, at 1 o'clock p. m. to nominate a candidate for Prosecutor for this Judicial district.

J. T. GARDNER,
Chairman Scott County.
T. V. PRUITT,
Chairman Jackson County.

Kodol will without doubt, make your stomach strong and will almost instantly relieve you of all the symptoms of indigestion. It will do this because it is made up of the natural digestive juices of the stomach so combined that it completely digests the food just as the stomach will do it, so you see Kodol can't fail to help you and help you "promptly." It is sold here by all druggists.

Samuel Gardiner and Winfield England, of Medora, went to Louisville this morning where they will enter the regular army.

When you have Backache the liver or kidneys are sure to be out of gear. Try Sano!, it cures backache in 24 hours, and there is nothing better for the liver or kidneys. For sale at the drug store.

Want Ads. get results. Try one.

NEW Dress Goods For Fall

A special showing of high class Dress Fabrics, a vast display that comprises all the most desirable materials for all occasions. Beautiful and exclusive designs and patterns shown only by us, the offerings which embody exquisite weaves both for street wear and for dress are shown in a variety, almost inexhaustive. All the new weaves in rough and smooth fabrics.

CORRECT WEAVES IN BLACK GOODS

We are headquarters for the newest and best Black Goods. Our buying prestige gives you the real values.

Great showing of beautiful Fall Silks. A collection of artistically created fabrics mostly in the soft effects that lend themselves admirably to the new Directoire modes favored by Dame Fashion this season.

Extra Specials, Friday and Saturday

About 50 new Pattern Hats arrived from New York and will be placed on sale at popular prices \$4.98 and \$5.98.

SEE THEM.

They are new models.



The Gold Mine Department Store.

An Up-to-date Grocery

In the grocery line nothing counts for more than freshness. We turn our stock quickly, thus assuring our customers that what they buy is fresh and wholesome. No matter what you want in the grocery line call or phone

Russell's Grocery

BOTH PHONES.
CORNER SECOND AND BROADWAY.

W. A. Carter & Son,

New Perfection Blue Flame Oil Stove

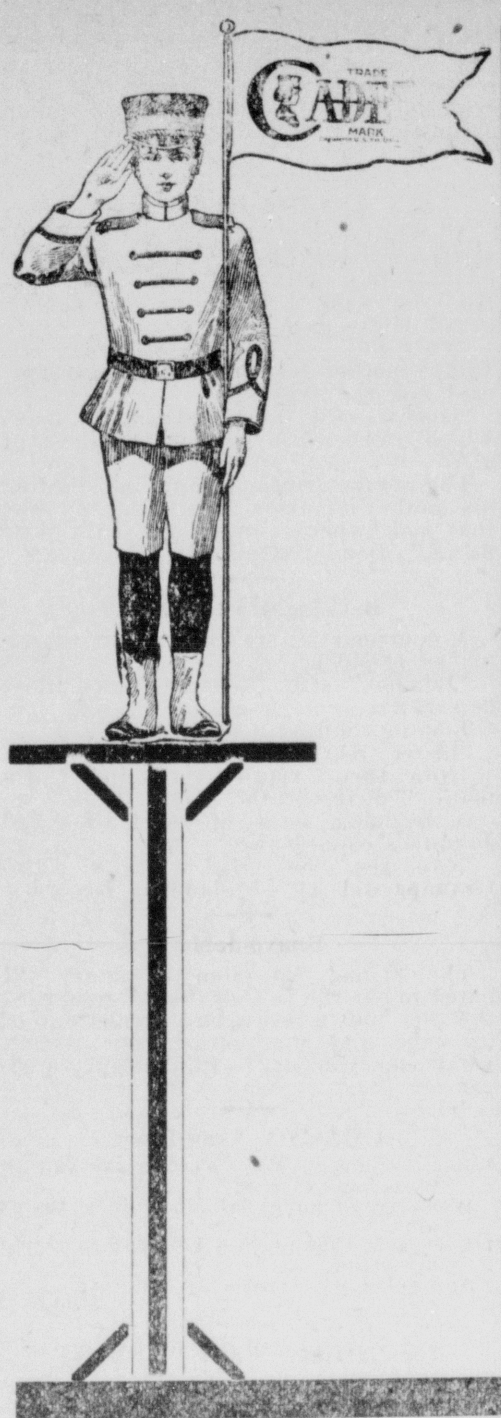
Lawn Mowers

We recently added a machine for sharpening lawn mowers. It does the work accurately and we guarantee all of our work.

G. S. Laupus, Jeweler.

We offer a large stock of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gold Watches, Mantel Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Waterman's Fountain Pens, Libby's Fine Cut Glass and Fancy China Pieces.

GIVE US A CALL.



Cadet Stockings Please The Boys

Boys don't like to be "nice," they are just boys. They like CADET Stockings because they stand the knocks. They are Rip proof and Rub proof, Linen Heels, Toes and Knees. Every pair guaranteed. PRICE 25c the pair.

Our 10c and 15c stockings have no equal at the price.

THE HUB

For Sale

\$2000.00 this beautiful home, 8 rooms, 4 closets, hall, gas in every room, summer kitchen, cellar, well cistern, lot 50x120, fruit and sheds and henery.

\$1500.00 this residence, lot 57x157 good location, 4 rooms and summer kitchen, sheds, McCann well, good corner lot.

\$2750.00 for this elegant residence, lot 50x150, bath room, concrete walks, furnace, cellar, sewer, barn, 6 rooms.

\$1200.00 for this fine new home, fine shade, concrete walks, well, 5 rooms, front and rear porch. Also cheaper and higher priced city property.

GEO. SCHAEFER,
Real Estate and
General Insurance
First National Bank Bldg. Seymour.



A Close Scrutiny

by a good dentist will show treacherous cavities and defects in your teeth that will result in their loss unless you have them attended to in time. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure" is as true in regard to your teeth as to your health or eyesight. Have your teeth examined and kept in good condition by a good dentist, and you will preserve them through life.

Dr. B. S. Shinness.

YOU OWE IT

To your skin to eradicate all summer tan and other blemishes before the arrival of the stinging air of autumn and early winter. True cold cream and greaseless massage are highly important for this purpose. We prepare creams from your own recipes from best materials. Corn Cracker promptly relieves and removes foot troubles.

Cox Pharmacy.

"Will Go on Your Bond"

Will write any kind of
INSURANCE
Clark B. Davis
LOANS NOTARY

PERSONAL.

H. S. Dell was a passenger to North Vernon this forenoon.

Lee S. Fountain, of Mooney, was here Thursday evening.

Miss Flora Pfaffenberger was in the city from Mooney yesterday.

Nicholas Harper, of Madison, transacted business here yesterday.

W. H. Brock, of Freetown, transacted business in Seymour today.

J. W. Hinkle and wife, of Mooney, were in the city yesterday evening.

Albert Leudtke, of Leesville, was here last evening to attend Masonic lodge.

Attorney Frank Jones went to Columbus this morning on legal business.

John Warner, of Osgood, was a business visitor in Seymour Thursday.

D. M. Steward came down from Green field this morning to attend to some business.

Tom Groub and Theo. Toms went to Indianapolis this morning to spend the day.

Prof. David Graham, of Nashville, spent today here with J. E. Graham and wife.

Mrs. Jesse Pattison, of Chicago, was here yesterday the guest of Miss Tinnie Garry.

Mrs. Thomas A. Sanders returned to her home in Racine, Wis., after visiting relatives here.

Miss Martha Kitts, of Knightstown, has come here to make here home with Dr. and Mrs. F. W. DraGoo.

Dr. A. G. Osterman and Dr. G. H. Kamman returned from a professional visit to Medora this forenoon.

Ed Champion and James Cox, of Montgomery, Ala., went to Indianapolis this morning on the interurban.

Mrs. Emma Thompson and daughter, Miss Margaret, and Mrs. T. S. Blish went to Indianapolis this morning.

Miss Anna Stahl, who has been visiting Misses Amella and Mayme Meyers, has returned to Indianapolis.

Rev. Harley Jackson, W. P. Masters, C. B. Davis and Fred Everback made a trip to Columbus last evening.

S. W. Gilbert, of near Medora, was here last evening on business and was the guest of C. M. Bottorff over night.

Mrs. B. L. Butler and family, formerly of Seymour, came down from Greenwood yesterday to visit Ernest Peters and family.

Thomas Casey came down from Indianapolis yesterday to spend a week's vacation with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. M. Casey.

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

J. T. Jones, agent of the Pennsylvania railroad, went to Columbus this morning to attend the meeting of station agents on that road.

Engineer Wm. Murph who has been off duty for a long time on account of serious injuries he received in a wreck has returned to work.

"Daddy" Welsh, of Mitchell, who was for years road master for the B. & O. S.W. has been granted a patent on a railroad tie. It is claimed for this tie that it will overcome contraction and expansion of rails and thus avoid many wrecks. The tie can be put in place without digging out the ballast. Mr. Welsh is sure he has a good thing and will either sell his patent or organize a company to manufacture the tie.

To Cet Cash.

The officials of the Pennsylvania railroad have just about completed arrangements whereby all their employs will be paid in cash rather than by check which they have heretofore received. The check system is to be abandoned on the entire system west of Pittsburgh. The change has necessitated the employment of more men on the various divisions, several new offices having been created. Addition pay cars have been secured and the division headquarters of the pay master have been changed. This new arrangement, which will soon take place, on this division has been adopted already on the Richmond and Erie divisions, with satisfactory results.

Tipton Now Dry.

The town of Tipton is now a dry town, the saloons having closed their doors for two years. The people of that town have had a big fight but were successfully in the end. At one time there were seventeen saloons in Tipton but the number has varied for the past twelve or fifteen years. This is the first time in the history of Tipton that the town has been without a saloon.

Many people suffer a great deal from Kidney and Bladder troubles. During the past few years much of this complaint has been made unnecessary by the use of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are antiseptic and are highly recommended for weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, inflammation of the bladder and all other annoyances due to weak kidneys. Sold by all druggists.

We do "Printing That Pleases."

Good News of a Great Thing That Has Become the Talk of Thousands.

There is a death at the end of every life, but as we travel on toward the grave we hope to be blessed with good health, and when we have a friend who has suffered for years with some painful malady, it is good news, indeed, when we are told of that friend's complete recovery, and when we hear of the remedy that made the cure we are bound to have confidence in it. This is why Root Juice is so well spoken of over the country.

Mr. Sam Anderson, a well known farmer living near Gas City, Ind., said: "I'll tell you, Root Juice is a great medicine. I suffered for years with rheumatism and stiff joints and when I awoke in the mornings I could hardly raise myself from the bed. My feet and hands were sore, stiff and painful, more especially during rainy weather. I had a great deal of trouble with my back. Root Juice cured one of my neighbors of a bad stomach trouble, so I thought I would give it a trial, although my trouble was entirely different. I purchased a bottle of Root Juice and a 25c bottle of 'Uze It' Pain Oil; I rubbed my back and joints well with oil and took Root Juice precisely as directed. I felt so much better after the first week that I bought six more bottles of the Juice, and also some of the liniment. In a few weeks every symptom of my trouble was gone. I now feel that the cure is permanent and am advising all my sick friends to try Root Juice."

Root Juice has proved its wonderful merit to hundreds of local people. For sale by W. F. Peter. \$1 a bottle or three bottles for \$2.50.

Large Fire at Salem.

Salem experienced a expensive fire Thursday in which the passenger and freight station of the Monon railway were burned a wheat elevator destroyed and other property damaged. It is estimated that the total loss will be nearly \$40,000. The fire started in a wareroom on the main street and rapidly spread to the adjoining buildings. The town is suffering from the drought and the fire company was greatly hampered by the low pressure of the water.

Coal Notice.

Anthracite coal (Erie, Pa.,) chestnut \$7.25 per ton, this price not good after Sept. 30, so order at once.

Best Pittsburgh \$3.75 per ton.
Campbell's Creek \$3.75 per ton.
Winnefrede Lump \$3.75 per ton.
Marmet Lump \$3.75 per ton.
Plymouth Lump \$3.75 per ton.
The very best Ind. Black Creek \$2.75 per ton. Leave orders by first of Oct. at this price.

G. H. ANDERSON.

Surprised.

Miss Ida Champion was very pleasantly surprised last evening at her home on North Broadway by her friends of the Gold Mine. About nineteen were present to enjoy the evening and a very pleasant time was had by those present. The evening was spent in games and other amusements. Elegant refreshments were served.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations. Sold by all druggists.

Get in New Building Association—now. o5d

Ready For You



Fall styles are in. See them in the windows and in the store.

SPECIAL STYLES FOR YOUNG MEN.

Snappy things they are. More conservative models for older men, but all with swing, style and splendid tailoring that give character and worth to Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothing.

\$15 to \$30 buys the best to be had.

We are showing a large line of handsome Suits at \$10 to \$12.

THOMAS CLOTHING CO.

SEYMOUR DRY GOODS CO.

104 South Chestnut Street.

We are showing a complete line of Ladies' Ready-to-wear Garments, Suits, Coats, Skirts.

This is a new department we are just opening up, all new goods and they are beautiful in style and material.

Suits, Yankee Printzess style with sheath effect skirt. Coats, Directoire and Printzess models, full length and handsomely trimmed. Colors offer a wide range of choice, blue, brown, green, mode, grey and black.

Every new fabric idea and weave effect shown in our dress goods, chevron stripes, panamas, fancy serge, herringbone and many other weaves.

Our dress trimming department contains all the all the new ideas in Bands, Braids, Persian Novelties and Satins.

Each lady who visits our store next week will receive a beautiful souvenir, don't fail to come.

Us for reliable and dependable merchandise.

Claypool & Fry

Successors to L. F. Miller & Co.

TERSE TELEGRAMS

Secretary Cortelyou has returned from his summer vacation spent on Long Island, and resumed his duties at the treasury department.

Clarence J. Shearn of New York, Hearst's personal attorney, was nominated by the New York state independent convention for governor.

A settlement of the strike of paper workers which has been in progress nearly two months at the mills of the International Paper company in New England, is reported.

Isaac C. Weir, who as "Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider," won the feather-weight boxing championship of the world twenty years ago, is dead at his home in Somerville, Mass.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

REPUBLICAN Want Ads. Pay.

SPECIALS

\$1,000.00 worth of 5 per cent. bonds. Cottage, center of town, 6 rooms, well, cistern—\$950. 5 room cottage—\$1000.

E. C. BOLLINGER,
Phone 186 and 5
Office in Hancock Building.

CONGDON & DURHAM,
Fire, Tornado, Liability,
Accident and Sick Benefit
INSURANCE
Real Estate, Rental Agency
Prompt Attention to All Business

P. COLABUONO,
Ladies' & Gents'
SHOEMAKER
Repairing neatly done while you wait
Fine work given special attention
144 St. Louis Ave. SEYMOUR

TAKE YOUR BABY TO
Platter & Co.,
And get the Picture while you can. Delays are dangerous.

BATHS

Take Turkish Salt-glow Baths for all kinds of Lung Trouble.

4HLERT'S TURKISH BATH ROOMS

SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK
Piano Teacher,
Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St.
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

Robert H. Hall
ARCHITECT
725 N. Ewing St., Seymour, Ind.

LEWIS & SWAILS
LAWYERS
SEYMOUR, INDIANA

Insure Your Property in
THE WESTCHESTER
FIRE INSURANCE CO.
Assets \$3,738,676.45
GEO. SCHAEFER, Agent. 1st Nat. Bank Building.

ELMER E. DUNLAP,
ARCHITECT
824-828 State Life Bldg. INDIANAPOLIS. Branch Office: Columbus

The extensive poultry farmer near Menasha who keeps the hawks away from his chickens by flying immense box kites over his premises is probably the first man to send the scarecrow upon aerial expeditions.

The disclosure of the fact that rich Americans traveling abroad are subject to the surveillance of United States treasury agents, who report their purchases of dutiable goods, will have a tendency to discourage attempts at smuggling.

The continuance of the oil field fire near Tampico for forty-three days, and the apparent hopelessness of effort to subdue it, makes it evident that Mexico has oil "to burn." But she may not be so fortunate if this blaze persists in consuming the subterranean supply.

Mrs. Kate Howard, the Springfield hotel-keeper who is said to have led the lynching mob of August 14, committed suicide by poison when arrested under indictment by the grand jury holding her to trial for murder. Another tragic episode of the Springfield race war!

The blowing up of a little steamer which plies on Carp lake, Michigan, was due to carelessness on the part of the engineer, who was forcing the boat to make quick time. The incidents indicate the need of close boiler inspection of all small craft that carry passengers.

The report from Winnipeg that the Canadian Pacific railroad has lost \$5,000,000 through timber fires on Vancouver's island alone may be an exaggeration. But as the fires are still burning, and Vancouver's island is heavily timbered the loss will doubtless be very heavy.

The change in governmental conditions in Turkey is said to have improved commercial possibilities in that country. This announcement of another "open door" should be followed by immediate effort to extend trade into Turkey by American merchants who are trying to find new markets beyond the seas.

Mr. Wellman seems to expect the early discovery of a superior dirigible balloon, for he is said to have given orders for a continuance of the guard over his balloon house on Dane island. But there will be no excitement over the revived Arctic venture, because the public is used to waiting for Mr. Wellman.

A Los Angeles man is the latest inventor of a mechanical device to utilize the action of the waves as a motive power. Wait till the storage battery is brought to practical perfection. Then it may be possible to run automobiles and sewing machines in the interior of the continent with force bottled at the seashore and shipped throughout the country to be used when wanted. This will be a notable addition to the canned goods industry—and it is bound to come some day.

Trainer Mulqueen returns from the rowing events at the Olympic games in London with the opinion that the English style of rowing is more suitable to smooth water than is the style of rowing extant in this country. This is equivalent to saying that the British oarsmen are superior to the Americans, because racing with shells must of necessity occur when the water is smooth. There is no successful rowing in this country when the water is tumbling about under the influence of wind and current.

The woman with an automobile who saved Shelbyville, Indiana, from destruction by fire, by towing a hand fire engine with her automobile from the neighboring center of Crown Point, gave the endangered villagers an illustration of the value of fire-fighting apparatus that will probably cause them to make an immediate purchase. Every center of population should have fire apparatus of some kind, and the machinery should be in charge of men whose duty it is to see that it is in condition for immediate service.

The death of the Baron Herman Speck von Sternburg will be widely regretted in the United States. He was a diplomat and the son of a diplomat. He married an American girl, a beautiful Kentuckian. The Baron's first assignment to the United States was made in 1885, when he was appointed military attaché of the German legation at Washington. He rose step by step, gaining experience in various parts of the world, so that no surprise arose when in 1903 he was selected as the Kaiser's minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the United States.

The lucky applicants who succeed in securing allotments of the 800,000 acres of the Rosebud Indian reservation just thrown open to settlement by presidential proclamation will require money to make a start, as the land must bring six dollars an acre. But good land in that part of the country under the conditions imposed is cheap at that price, and the reservation will be peopled by energetic men who have had experience in accumulating capital by making agriculture pay. This will insure the creation of more business for the towns to which the regions are tributary.

The waiters of the steamer North Land, twenty-five in number, who refused to serve meals because of passengers failing to tip them, forgot that there is law to punish men afloat who decline to do their duty. The whole twenty-five were arrested on a charge of mutiny when the North Land arrived at Buffalo. Taken to the office of the United States marshal, they were remanded to Detroit for trial, as the offense was perpetrated in Michigan waters. Tip-taking waiters are generally

on the high seas, but these were on the high seas, and the difference may turn out to be to their disadvantage.

Perhaps it is going to be more difficult than formerly, for a while at least, to delude the people into throwing their good money into gambling speculation. The failure of one of the largest brokerage concerns in New York yesterday indicates a state of things which rarely exists. Heretofore as a rule brokers made money whether the stock market went up or down, for the broker gets commissions both ways—when his customer buys and when he sells. But when the public retires from the market—when the volume of transactions is reduced—then there are hard times for brokerage houses; and that seems to be the situation just now.

There have been many folks who supposed that they detected a gleam of romance in the Ferdinand Pinney Earle affair, but it turns out to be a very sordid affair—at least so far as the artist is concerned who paid his first wife who was the mother of his first children to go away with them and leave him free to devote himself to a young woman whom he had discovered to be his "soul-mate." The "soul-mate" is now his wife, nursing a young baby, but her relatives have had the artist arrested for brutally quarreling with her and striking her in the face. Perhaps Ferdinand Pinney Earle is insane. At any rate the experiment which he has performed with so much publicity shows that an affinity wedding may fall short of the expectations entertained by the man and be anything but a foretaste of Paradise for the woman.

An accident at Sonderburg, Germany, by which four sailors of the German navy lost their lives reveals the existence of danger even in the mechanical transmission of signals, which it is generally supposed obviates all danger of error. A cruiser was returning to the harbor from target practice, and during drill in lowering a cutter in obedience to a signal "Man overboard," an order to back the cruiser was erroneously transmitted "Go ahead," and the cutter was capsized with fatal result. Modern warships and many commercial vessels utilize electric signalling to the fullest extent; but if there is danger of mistakes such as that which occurred on the German cruiser there will be uneasiness where there has been absolute confidence. But it will be generally suspected that the officer in command of the German cruiser blundered. This is a matter which will fall to the court martial that is usual in such cases.

Superintendent Harry Baker, of the Eye and Ear Hospital at 94 Livingston street, Brooklyn, asked a junior nurse to do chambermaid's work, the other day, and she protested against anything of the kind. She said her place was to take care of the sick, and that duty she was always ready faithfully to perform. Other junior nurses in the institution said the same thing. The superintendent argued and pleaded, calling attention to the circumstance that patients are few during the summer months and the chambermaid's work is light; but one and all stoutly refused, and when given the alternative of complying or quitting, they left the hospital in a body. How will social philosophers interpret an incident like this, of which many parallels could be adduced by constant readers of the newspapers. Does it indicate a reversion to class prejudices in the United States—a spirit of caste—or shall it be hailed as a sign of progress—insistence upon the division of labor?

A Wonderful Mare.
"Now, wait till I tell you," insisted a man by the counter in the St. Francis. "This horse was part thoroughbred, undrugged, too small for the track; picked her up for a song, you might say. Wonderful intelligence. You know the fetlock, that bunch of hair that grows down back of a horse's hoof? Well, Fretful had the most wonderful fetlocks. They grew right down to the ground, like whiskers; had to keep 'em cut flush with the floor, so's she wouldn't step on them."

"Been missing cube sugar from the box in the storehouse. Set a boy to watch; thought maybe the Chink was taking a supply to Chinatown. Pretty soon Fretful pokes her nose out of the box stall, pulls out the wooden peg, comes out, begins backing toward storehouse with a funny hula hula movement. Opened door, lifted box cover, and began backing back, same wiggling movement."

"Guess what she was doing. Using her fetlocks to brush dust over her tracks and hide 'em."

"Wonderful!" observed Clerk Van Orden.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Advice to the Lovelorn.
An Albany politician was discussing the heart troubles that oftentimes draw famous men unwillingly into court. "If these men," said he, "would paste in their hats poor expatriated Al Hummel's advice, they'd have no difficulty whatever."

Elastic Size.
"What kind of a figure is Mrs. Drusey?"
"Well, if you go by the quantity of stuff it takes to make her dresses, she is quite tall; but when it comes to paying for them, she is very short."—Baltimore American.

A Cynical Reason.
"I wonder why the owl has been chosen as the symbol of wisdom."
"Because the owl has sense enough to keep its mouth shut, except only when it opens it to hoot at everything else."—Baltimore American.

Smoother the Record.
"What did Barker do when he discovered that his wife and chauffeur had planned to elope in his car?"
"He oiled it thoroughly and put it in first class shape."—Brooklyn Life.

The Spice of Life.
Ashley—Do you have much variety in your boarding house?
Seymour—Well, we have three different names for the meals.—Smart Set.

IDEAL LOVE.
Why do the stars so brightly shine,
The moonbeams shed so great a light?
It must be dear, because you're mine,
And I am filled with joy tonight.
Today the birds more sweetly sang,
My heart, with joy was singing too,
The woods and streams with laughter rang,
Because my soul was seeing you.
I feel your presence every hour,
I see you, dear, in all that's fair,
In every gentle breeze and flower,
You speak, and banish every care.
Grand Rapids, Mich. Grace P. Newton.

THE WRITTEN WORD.
He devoured his breakfast quickly, disdaining the pot of marmalade which an obsequious landlady had put on the table for him.
This to the observant proclaimed his nationality, and if it didn't, the fact that his hair was parted exactly in the middle, and that the socks showing above his shoes were bizarre in character, revealed it. Between mouthfuls of toast he read assiduously from a small volume held in his right hand. The volume was bound in red morocco, and its pages were in a clear, small, characteristic handwriting. They were, in fact, the pages of a young lady's diary. He had picked it up on the hard high road half an hour before, as he returned from an heroic early morning tussle with the exceedingly wily trout, with which the gurgling stream a couple of miles away abounded.

He had looked first for a name and address, but failing to find them, he began to dip into the entries, hoping to discover a clue.
So far he hadn't discovered it, but he had lighted upon other extraordinarily exciting and absorbing matters, so much so that he sat there reading, utterly oblivious, in the interest of the thing, that the pages were never intended for an alien eye. There had been one entry, for example, made three days ago with an indelible pencil. It ran as follows:

"The American has been fishing again this morning. I know he is American now for certain, because he said, 'Gee, that's a bully one' to himself when he landed an extra-sized trout. Besides, he doesn't fish English. I like his face more and more. He's straight and he's got a nice laugh. I wished him to look at me, but he wouldn't. I wish I knew him—I will know him somehow, as sure as my name is Isabelle Norris."
The man at the breakfast table stopped. Here, at any rate, was a clue—a sufficient clue, too. He must not read another word; it would be clearly dishonorable. He rang the bell.

"Say, Mrs. Briskett," he said, when the landlady appeared, "is there a Miss Isabelle Norris in your neighborhood?"

Mrs. Briskett, who was given to grandiloquent language, and uncertainty in the pronunciation thereof, launched forth at once.
"An individual of that cognomen do reside in this locality. Are you acquainted with her, sir?"

"Not yet, but I'm going to be," said the American briskly.
"You'll find that she inhibits Kerry villa—on the right-hand side beyond the postoffice, sir."

"Thank you, Mrs. Briskett."

He ran upstairs at once and changed from his fisherman's garb into a calling suit, and with characteristic impulsiveness was ringing determinedly ten minutes later at the neat door over the portals of which the address Mrs. Briskett had mentioned was inscribed.

"Miss Isabelle Norris at home?"
"Yes, sir." The neat maid looked a trifle surprised, but she admitted him at once into a drawing room as neat as herself.

There were footfalls in the hall, outside. Mr. Soames turned red, then white, then red again. What would she do? Suppose she snubbed him—suppose—? At this point there entered suddenly a very severe—very angular—lady in a black and white print frock, who certainly was fifty-five, if he wasn't more. Mr. Soames' savoir-faire forsook him entirely—he left her to begin.

He had felt that the Isabelle Norris of the diary would be fair and girlish, and oh! many other things besides! And this—this study in the antique had called his smile sweet—had said she would get to know him, had willed him to look at her, and had watched his fishing from some nymph-like retreat! Oh, it was absurd, pathetic, laughable, tragic!

A sudden inspiration flew to his aid. To account for his presence he would be a person who sold things—something which Miss Norris would not be likely to buy, and when she had curtly dismissed him—he would get away as quickly as possible. What should he sell? What—what? Ah! his new stylo! Miss Norris did not look at all like styles, but like sharp-pointed, old-fashioned steels. Acting upon this intuition, he smiled the ingratiating smile of the tout.

"You must excuse my liberty in calling so early," he began, "but I wondered if you'd any use for an article like this." He whipped out the pen, and, without giving Miss Norris time to reply, began to run breathlessly through its salient points, and to explain its superiority over every other pen on the market.

She asked innumerable questions—all of which Mr. Soames, who knew rather less of styles than he did of skyrockets, was much bothered to answer. Finally she demanded its price.
The American had given \$7 for it in New York. It was the only pen he had ever found to suit his peculiar handwriting. He quoted ten shillings in extreme dismay.
"It's a great saving in work," said Miss Norris. She took the pen from him, tried it slowly, asked a dozen more questions, and finally extracted a purse. "As it happens," she said, quite affably, "I want a birthday present for a near relative—something really useful. Now this—" she positively smiled on Mr. Soames.

Mr. Soames smiled uneasily back, then took the half-sovereign, and left Kerry villa poorer by a particularly satisfactory stylo-pen, but richer by ten shillings and a lump of experience.

and waited, but his usual patience had forsaken him—he felt restless and unsettled.
The fly danced off, carried by the current to a little island in the center of the stream filled with trees and undergrowth. All at once, a trout took the fly, and Mr. Soames leaned forward—his disappointment for the nonce forgotten in the excitement of a bite. But he was never destined to land that trout, for it was flitting with the bait, and at the precise moment when he should have hooked it securely, there was a loud cry and a splash, and a girl's slight form crashed through the bushes which fringed the island, and fell heavily into the dark, deep pool sacred to trout. Mr. Soames would have been angry if he hadn't been too frightened. The pool was seven or eight feet deep—the girl's arms were beating the water in agony. Perish all trout! There was a life to be saved.
He threw down his rod and plunged in, and in rather less than two minutes was panting on the bank; while a girl of not more than nineteen sat beside him, wringing water from her golden brown hair and sodden pink frock. "Oh, thank you so much," she said, raising big blue eyes to his. "I slipped. I've got a little wuzzy over on the island, where I read and write. Oh, I hope I haven't given you cold or anything."

Mr. Soames shook himself like a spaniel.
"Guess I'm all serene," he said philosophically, "but what about you? Are you domiciled far from here?"

"Only at Kerry villa. What's the matter?"
"Say, you've no relative of the name of Isabelle Norris?" Mr. Soames positively grasped the girl's damp arm in his excitement.

"Yes, an aunt—do you know her? But it's my name, too."

Mr. Soames sat down on the bank again, and motioned the girl to sit down too. "We'll start in a moment," he said, "but I'd just like to ask you something, Miss Norris. Tell me, 'whether you or your aunt dropped a diary—a red morocco diary—halfway between here and Beverton early this morning?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.
"See here, may I call tomorrow and explain things? We ought not to wait about now."

"Aunt won't let you in—she hates young men."

"Still, in common gratitude—I saved your life," observed Mr. Soames artfully.
Miss Norris smiled. "So you did—I'd forgotten—she's very just—well, I'll tell her and we'll try. Here's the garden gate and I don't even know your name."

"Soames—Meredith P. Soames of New York city. Good-bye, Miss Norris!"
"Good-bye!" she said.

The next morning Mr. Soames duly presented himself. He was received by Isabelle Norris the elder. She was grateful, but not gracious.

"I have to thank you for your presence of mind and kindness, Mr. Soames," she said with dignity.

"I should like to mark my sense of what you have done in some way," hesitated Miss Norris. "I—I will take half a dozen of your excellent pens, and try and prevail on my friends to purchase—"

"Good gracious!" said Mr. Soames. "I really came to interview your niece, and being a stranger I didn't like to say so when you appeared. I—I if it's not too rapid for this continent, Miss Norris, I should like an opportunity of knowing your niece beyond that afforded by hauling her out of a river hole. I—I don't need to hawk pens, thank goodness; my father's Selway Soames, you've heard of him, likely?"

Miss Norris had. Selway Soames and his millions received frequent notice in society papers.

Her manner changed perceptibly. "I—this is very extraordinary," she said, "but if what you say is true—and you look straightforward—there can be no objection to your calling on Belle occasionally."

"Not much 'occasionally' about it; my time is short," said Mr. Soames, with the smile aforesaid. "I go back to America next week. See here, Miss Norris, you cable my father tonight—on receipt of return cable guaranteeing my respectability I come in every day till I sail in a week's time. Then if your niece's sentiments toward me at all resemble mine toward her, I go back to America engaged—how's that?"

Miss Norris was opening her mouth to reply how it was, when Isabelle came in. Mr. Soames rose, and greeted her gravely.

"Your aunt and I have been talking some, Miss Isabelle," he said. "I'll leave her to fix matters with you, and run around tomorrow morning for the result. My dad lives in Madison avenue, Miss Norris—he's in Who's Who, because he's got a little place in London as well. 'Dives, New York,' is sufficient for cabling purposes—good day!" He shook hands with both, and Isabelle the younger went with him to the hall.

At the door he drew a red morocco book from his pocket and put it into her hand.
"Permit me to restore your property," he said. "I'm sorry I read it, you know—or I ought to be—but anyhow I confessed. You'll forgive me, won't you?"
"If you'll forgive me," she said.
"Miss Isabelle, what is there to forgive?" Meredith Soames' eyes were very eloquent.

"I—I can swim," murmured Isabelle.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.



The mind reader has no remarkable brain. He's not gifted with wisdom galore; He merely believes things will happen again. Because they have happened before.

To Be, or Not to Be.
I'd rather be a Could-Be
If I can not be an Are;
For a Could-Be is a Maybe,
With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a Has-Been
Than a Might-Have-Been, by far;
For a Might-Be is a Hasn't Been,
But a Has was once an Are.
—Exchange.

Not Safe Now.
He—I used to flirt desperately with that woman.
She—You quit it, eh?
You bet I did. Her husband died!—Smart Set.

The Lady and the Detective.
Mrs. "Jack" Gardner of Boston has taken up the Audubon Society's war against the "Merry Widow" hat.
"This hat is the worst, unwholesome creation that the milliners have yet given us," she said at a recent dinner. "The number of things required to trim the hat is frightening. Its appetite, in fact, reminds me of a police court episode."

"A detective was testifying in the case of a woman shoplifter whom he had arrested in her bedroom."
"And, your honor," he said, "when I told her the charge, she turned her back to me and swallowed a purse, six suits of silk underwear, a silver candlestick, a chafing dish and—"

"Rubbish! Are you crazy?" the magistrate interrupted.
"Excuse me. What I mean to say, your honor," explained the detective, "is that she swallowed the pawn—sts."—Washington Star.

Elaborate Sarcasm.
"Your jokes are better some days than others," commented the undiplomatic friend.
"Those are the days the office boy assists me," responded the press humorist. "But he won't help me out every day."—Washington Herald.

The Last Cry.
Mrs. Style—I want a hat, but it must be in the latest style.
Shopman—Kindly take a chair, madam, and wait a few minutes; the fashion is just changing.—Human Life.

A Greek.
He never heard of rarebits,
He never tasted pie,
He never ate dill pickles,
Or smelled of "extra dry."
He shunned the airy mazes
And the wait's dizzy whirl;
He never wore a collar
When he went to see his girl.
Perhaps you think our hero
Was a dead one, so to speak,
But you're very much mistaken—
He was just an ancient Greek.
—Cornell Widow.

His Epitaph.
Secretary Cortelyou was elaborating his recent epigram, "Politics are a duty." With a smile he said:
"I don't mean by politics spoil hunting and office seeking. Politics is a good and honorable word. It is a shame to have degraded it. We should try to uplift it again to its right place."

He paused, then went on:
"We don't want the word 'politics' to evoke the picture of such a man as Hilary Harkness."

"Hilary Harkness was a politician of the lowest type, and unsuccessful at that. His whole life was devoted to office seeking; he spent thirty-seven years vainly seeking a \$5000 office—hours 10 till 2—while his wife and daughter supported him by keeping a candy shop."

"Well, Hilary died at last. A modest shaft was put above his remains, and the executor asked the editor to suggest an epitaph to go upon the shaft."

"The editor thought a moment. Then he smiled, and slipping a sheet of paper in his typewriter, he clicked off:

Here Lies
HILARY HARKNESS
in the only place
for which he never applied.
—Washington Star.

Nothing to Speak of.
"You are to take those capsules," said Dr. Fussey, "before meals, not after, remember."

"Oh," said the patient. "I guess it doesn't matter much."
"But it does matter, sir!"
"You wouldn't say that, doctor, if you had ever had a meal at our boarding house."—The Catholic Standard and Times.



Winks—That new country club is an ideal place for poker.
Dinks—Why so?
Winks—They built it on a bluff.

Hats Off, Please.
In reply to the question, "Please tell when and where are, or is, the correct time for a gentleman to life or remove his hat," we reply: Without consulting authorities of etiquette; in fact, giving it to you off-hand, so to speak, we should say at the following times and on the following occasions, respectively, the

hat should be lifted or removed as circumstances indicate: When mopping the brow; when taking a bath; when eating; when going to bed; when taking up a collection; when having the hair trimmed; when being shampooed; when standing on the head.—Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.

The One He Liked.
A country clergyman on his round of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories. "My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables?"

"Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had inducted him in sacred history. "Yes, sir."
"Good!" said the clergyman. "Now, which of them do you like the best of all?"

The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied: "I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes."—London Opinion.

Backing Up Grandpa.
A courtmartial was held, with grand-ma as president.
"Johnnie," said, "who destroyed those flowers?"
"Johnnie thought a moment. Then: 'Now, then,' reproved grandpa, 'be a man! Tell the truth! Say I did it.'"

A beaming smile of relief illumined Johnnie's countenance.
"Oh, yes," he cried, "that's right. Grandpa did it!"—Philadelphia Record.

Unavoidable.
The cat had just eaten the canary. "I hated to eat the foolish thing," remarked the cat, "but when a bird breaks out of its cage and flies down your throat, what can you do?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Modest Song-Poem.
When evening glides the western sky and all have gone to rest,
When cares have fled and fancy roams afar,
I live again that night I held you fondly to my breast,
And doing so I broke my last cigar.
—Judge.

The Carriage Waits "Without."
"The carriage waits without, my lord," "Without a seat, gentle sir?"
"Without the left-hand running-board, Without the French chauffeur, Without a drop of gasoline, Six nuts, the cap of oil, Four plinths, and the limousine, The spark-plug and the coil, Without the brake, the horn, the clutch, Without the running-gear, One cylinder—it beats the Dutch How much there is n't here! The car has been repaired, in fact, And you should be right glad To find that this much is intact Of what your lordship had. The garage sent it back, my lord, In perfect shape throughout; So you will understand, my lord, Your carriage waits without."
—Harvard Lampoon.

Too Busy.
Miss Howe—I suppose you visited all the points of interest while you were abroad.
Miss Wise—No; we were so busy addressing post cards to our friends that we hadn't time to do much sightseeing.

A Misunderstanding.
A Manila mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter as to cause a quarrel with the husband, and one day, when she again came to stay, she found her daughter in tears on the doorstep.

"I suppose George has left you," she sniffed.
"Yes"—sob.
"Then there's a woman in the case?" she asked, her eyes lighting up expectantly.

"Yes"—sob.
"Who it is?" she demanded.
"You"—sob.
"Gracious!" exclaimed the mother-in-law. "I'm sure I never gave him any encouragement."—The Philippines Gossip.

Honors to Spare.
"When it comes to hogging honors, how about the sweet girl graduate who also becomes a June bride?"—Detroit Free Press.

During the Cross-Examination.
"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the counsel.
"I have not."
"Now, be careful," admonished the lawyer, with raised finger. "Did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."
"Ah, I thought we should get at the truth," observed counsel, with an unpleasant smile. "When did this suspension of payment occur?"
"When I had paid all I owed," was the naive reply of the plaintiff.—London Opinion.

Criminal or Picturesque.
"Did you see where boys in knee pants in the west held up a train?"
"On the track or at a wedding?"—Baltimore American.

A Toast.
Here's to the girls in peck-a-boos, And here's to the girls in tan;
Here's to the girls in oxford shoes, For every girl, a man.

For every man, a lassie true; This thought all others stills;
For every lass, brown-eyed or blue, A man to pay her.

But He Does.
"Where does he get his money?"
"I don't know where he gets his, and I don't care. What I am interested in is knowing just how he gets mine."—Nashville American.

Not a Discovery.
"Now, what shall we name the baby?" inquired the professor's wife.
"Why, this species has been named," answered the professor in astonishment. "This is a primate mammal, homo sapiens."—Washington Herald.

Nature Fake.
"He once laid an cornerstone."
"Well?"
"He's been cackling about it ever since."—Washington Herald.

POWDERLESS GUN A MARVEL FOR WAR

NEW YORK INVENTOR SAYS IT WILL
DISCHARGE 50,000 SHOTS PER
MINUTE WITHOUT NOISE.

MODEL STANDS THE TEST.

Pours Ten-Inch Stream of Buckshot
Into Target with Deadly
Accuracy.

WORKED BY CENTRIFUGAL FORCE.

The science of war will be revolutionized and standing armies vastly reduced if a rapid-firing gun invented by William Patten of New York can duplicate in the field the work of a 10-inch model which Mr. Patten has built and is demonstrating, writes the New York Times.

The gun is noiseless, and is fired without powder. And this is not all, Mr. Patten asserts that the gun can discharge bullets faster than they can be loaded into its magazine, and that the loading speed is therefore practically the only limit to the number of shots that can be fired. He maintains that 50,000 shots a minute can be discharged from this new weapon, and adds that he'll demonstrate this when he gets a full-sized one in commission.

A Centrifugal Force Gun.

The gun is fired by centrifugal force. All there is to it is a big wheel with a crank for revolving it. In the 10-inch model this can be turned by hand. A motor of 50-horsepower would be required to turn the 6-foot model Mr. Patten hopes to build.

The bullets—no shells such as are used in other guns, but simply balls of lead or steel—are poured into the gun. The operator revolves the wheel, and the bullets begin to pour out in a steady stream. They fly so fast that they have the appearance of one long leaden ribbon, and if the gun were revolved on its base the stream of lead would sweep around in an arc which would mow down anything in front of it.

The inventor of the new gun got his idea from seeing a flywheel burst. That was five years ago in England, where Mr. Patten was born. He came to New York a year later, and eighteen months ago began work on the model of his gun, which he had had in mind ever since leaving England.

The gun is of brass, and looks like a meat chopper or a cylindrical pencil sharpener. Mr. Patten screwed his device to a table, and then poured a handful of buckshot into it. At the opposite side of the room, was a target and the inventor pointed his gun toward this. Then he began to turn the handle.

The bullets flashed from the mouth of the little gun in a perfect stream. Each one hit the target. A second test at a target forty feet away resulted in the gun sending 400 buckshot into a space five-eighths of an inch in diameter in less than a minute.

To Mount Gun on Auto.

A six-foot gun is the largest Mr. Patten hopes to build. It is to cost \$800, and will weigh only 500 pounds, according to Mr. Patten, yet it will be able to shoot 50,000 half-inch steel bullets a minute, and kill at 2000 feet. It is Mr. Patten's idea to mount such a gun on an automobile, the motor of which could be used to operate the gun. He says:

"I believe that my weapon will be most effective in the customs service, for one such gun mounted on a customs vessel would do much to stop smuggling, which still goes on to a large extent in South America, and even in the southern states of this country.

"It does not require a barrel and, consequently, would readily admit of concealment should occasion for it arise. I have proved this by bringing a newspaper along a line of land without a barrel. The bullets cut it in two as cleanly as a knife could have done it."

Mr. Patten has been in communication with the consul here of one South American government with a view to having his gun adopted for use against smugglers, but says that the United States will have first chance to adopt his gun for use in its army or navy.

WOODLOTS OF JAPAN.

Example Furnished by That Country of Tree Growing on Small Plots.

In these times of great drains on the timber supply, caused by the heavy demand for forest products of all kinds, Americans may see in Japan an example of what can be done in growing wood on small plots.

That country contains 21,000,000 wood lots, about three-fourths of which belong to private persons and one-fourth to communes. The average size of the plot is less than nine-tenths of an acre. They usually occupy the steepest, roughest, poorest ground. In this way land is put to use which would otherwise go to waste and if unwooded would lose its soil by the wash of the dashing rains. From Japan's woodlots the yearly yield of lumber is about 85 feet, board measure, an acre and three-fourths of a cord of firewood. In many cases the yield is much higher. More than 500,000,000 trees are planted yearly to make up what is cut for lumber and fuel.

Assessment for taxation is low, averaging for the 21,000,000 lots less than \$1 an acre. With all the care in cutting and the industry in replanting, it is by no means certain that Japan's forests are holding their own. If the preservation of the forests is doubtful there, it is evident that depletion must be alarmingly rapid in other countries which cut unsparingly and plant very little. On the other hand it is encouraging to see what can be done with rough, steep and poor land. The United States has enough of this kind, without touching the rich agricultural acres, to grow billions of feet of lumber.—Pathfinder.

Tea Much Maligned.

One is always being warned against tea as bad for the nerves, but one continues to drink it and seems none the worse. We think tea must be maligned to a great extent. A survey of the customs of Russia has convinced us of this. Russians drink tea which is composed of the stems of the plant compressed by adhesive gum into cakes of various sizes at the rate of about twenty pints a day. If human beings can stand that sort of thing then we hold that the ordinary tea consumed in England cannot do much harm. It is curious how the success of one's day really depends on tea. The practice of taking a cup in the morning before breakfast has become almost universal nowadays. One's state of mind for at least a part of the day depends almost entirely on whether this cup is of the right sweetness and temperature or not. Men have done their best to break up happy homes by exhibitions of maternal temper, which might have been avoided had their morning cup of tea been satisfactory. And it is a well known

fact that woman deprived of her afternoon tea becomes a thing of nerves and irritability. Tea is like tobacco. It must be taken in moderation and not too strong. And it has this advantage, that, unlike coffee, it does not suffer from "just as good" imitations.—London Globe.

CLEVELAND—THE COMMONER.

He Was Fond of Old Clothes, Simple Life, and Was Unaffected.

Of all the heterogeneous celebrities whom it has been my business to meet, I have never known one as simple and unaffected as Grover Cleveland. He had absolutely none of that veneer of vanity which makes most great men ridiculous. He was the only Democratic President since 1861; and no career in American history had been more triumphant and sensational than his; yet he continued to the last to be as simple-natured and as ready to listen to the small talk of the people, as though he had spent his life raising chickens on a bush farm.

The older he grew, the more attached he became to the simple life of the country. He was fond of old clothes and loose slippers and the soft grassy earth. Once he told me with great gusto how George Washington fled to his farm from the flatteries and intrigues of public life, writes Herbert N. Casson in the New Broadway Magazine.

"In 1797," he said, "when the country demanded that Washington should leave his farm and return to public life, he squealed like a pig. He always preferred his farm to the white house."

He had no aristocratic instincts—not one. He was a commoner to the core. Every man was a man, to Grover Cleveland. The richest individual had no glamour, and the poorest had no smudge in his eyes. One morning, while he was dictating an interview, a very ragged tramp came up the path to the house. Mr. Cleveland opened the door, listened to the man's story, and sent him away with half a dollar and a "good luck to you."

"Who is that man, papa?" asked Little Dick Cleveland, who had been romping in the hallway.

"That is a poor man out of a job, Dick," replied his father. "He is a long distance from his home, and he is trying to walk back."

Lost Race of Indo-China.

The great mystery about Indo-China and one which must ever be insoluble is the story of the lost race and the vanished civilization of that strange country.

The mighty walks of Angkor-Wat, rising in the midst of sparsely settled jungles, remain as the memorial of a great race, which has utterly disappeared and is altogether lost to history. No one will ever know who planned this gigantic temple or what tyrant bounded on his myriads of people to build up those immense blocks of stone and cover them with the most elaborate of sculptures. Angkor-Wat was one of the most astonishing monuments in the world, and this forgotten temple was built so as to endure as long as the earth itself were it not for the irresistibly destructive effect of plant life on the strongest walls that man can raise.

Only a highly civilized and very wealthy people could have erected Angkor-Wat, a very different race from the Annamite of modern days. The whole nation has disappeared as utterly as the busy myriads who once populated the wastes and solitudes of Memphis.—Singapore Free Press.

A Long Memory.

E. C. Laston, who has just issued a challenge to the world for the memory championship, although only a young man of 23 years, is a veritable walking encyclopedia, for he has memorized 40,000 dates of the principal events in the world's history since the creation. It was quite by accident that he discovered that he had an exceptional gift of memory. He was being trained as an army officer, when an attack of rheumatism ever dispelled his hopes in that direction. At that time he happened to meet the Zancenis in India, who, noticing what a remarkable memory he had for dates, advised him to cultivate it. He then purchased a copy of Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," and sought to commit to memory the dates of the most important events in the world's history by writing 50 to 100 dates on a piece of paper, and rewriting them three or four times until he had fully grasped them, with the result that he has a repertoire of thousands of dates, and can give the correct answers without the slightest hesitation.—Tit-Bits.

Cheers Until He Goes Crazy.

Because he cheered too much for Roosevelt at Chicago Charles E. Payne, a Washington colored politician, has been committed to the insane asylum.

While the attempt was being made to stampee the convention for Roosevelt Payne stood with thousands of others on chairs fantastically arranged, and while enthusiastically waving his hat, his throat strained and his eyes bulging, something snapped in his brain. Payne went to Chicago mentally sound. When he came back he would strike a pose, one hand under the first button of his coat, the other outstretched in approved oratorical gesture, and rave of Roosevelt, Taft and the Republican party. His great absorbing sorrow was that Roosevelt had not been renominated, and when he pondered on this he grew melancholy and morose.

The jury called to consider the case required only a few minutes to decide that Payne's political enthusiasm had reached a stage where it would be dangerous to permit him to wander unrestrained.

Biblical Lore in Missouri.

Col. John Cosgrove, afterward Congressman from the Bowling district, was especially distinguished as an advocate before a jury. Defending a client accused of some crime, Col. Cosgrove, in an eloquent climax, shouted: "What does the state's attorney expect? Does he expect my client, like Daniel, to command the sun to stand still, and have it obey?"

Judge James W. Draffen, lawyer for the opposition, interrupted:

"May it please your honor," he said, addressing Judge James E. Hazell, who was on the bench, "I object to Col. Cosgrove misquoting Scripture."

"I beg pardon," blandly replied Col. Cosgrove. "I forgot for the moment that I was not Daniel, but Solomon, who commanded the sun to stand still."

And this statement went unchallenged.—Kansas City Star.

Dies from the Shock.

The shock caused by the sight of the mangled hand of her son is thought to have caused indirectly the death of Mrs. Robert A. Howie, 50 years old, of East Orange, N. J. Her son, Alexander A., hurt his hand, and the mother set about the task of dressing the injured member. She remarked at the time that the sight made her feel faint and queer. She went upstairs to her room, and in a few moments the members of the family heard the sound of a fall. They found Mrs. Howie unconscious on the floor. Physicians were summoned but they failed to revive her. It is thought that concussion of the brain was the cause of death.

NEW YORK EVERY DAY

Getting dispossessed as a means of livelihood and borrowing sad-faced children from neighbors to help furnish photographic proof of destitution are given in a warning issued by the New York Children's society as a reason why charitably inclined persons should hesitate before giving alms to Mrs. Lena Brown. Agents of the society reported that they had discovered that Mrs. Brown had been dispossessed twenty-six times in the last five years and that each ejection had added to her income. Persons who believed the story of the children having been ejected with her gave her money—\$40 in one case.

Old Coney is laying plans to outdo herself at the Mardi Gras parade and festival to be held during the week of September 14. Such a pageant of brilliantly lighted electric floats is said to be in preparation that will rival the fireworks over at Brighton Beach will pale into insignificance in comparison. The floats for the 1908 carnival will be studded thickly with incandescent bulbs, for which power will be supplied by an overhead trolley wire, running the length of Surf avenue, the route of the parade. There will be twelve of the floats in all, with one representing "Progress" and "Prosperity" the most elaborate in design.

The Hotel Normandie at Thirty-eight street and Broadway, New York city, is undergoing great changes. Herman Wronkow, a real estate operator, took a twenty-one year lease of the building a short time ago. He tore out the old hotel fittings on the ground floor, divided it up into small stores with show windows fronting on Broadway, and established a ratskeller in the basement. The seven upper floors were leased yesterday for the remainder of the twenty-one year term to the Knickerbocker Lunch company, a corporation made up of Louis Haimis, who runs a chain of cheap restaurants on Park row and the Bowery, and Louis Markel, a hotel man of St. Louis. The new proprietors will transform the old Normandie into a modern commercial hotel.

More than \$4,000,000 is left to New York charitable institutions, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Yale university by the will of Frederick Hewitt, who died at Owego, N. Y. To relatives and friends less than half a million dollars is left. The will is estimated to be worth \$7,000,000 in the class of \$500,000 to \$8,000,000, and in addition to receiving a bequest of \$1,500,000, the Metropolitan Museum of Art is made the residuary legatee. The largest bequest mentioned in the will is the gift of \$2,000,000 to the New York Post-Graduate Medical school and hospital. To Yale university, of which Mr. Hewitt was a graduate, is the class of \$500,000. Other bequests to institutions are \$200,000 to the Little Missionary Day nursery, New York; \$100,000 to the Free School for Crippled Children, New York; \$100,000 to the Netherwood New Jersey Fresh Air home; \$10,000 to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York; \$30,000 to the German Sheltering Arms society, New York, and \$30,000 to the Temperance Industrial and Collegiate institute, Clarendon, Va. There is no gift greater than \$100,000 to any relative or friend.

Situated on the little twisted Forrest street, which runs between Flushing and Bushwick avenues, in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, is the "Public Bath." Its only one of its kind in that city. Its record is that it dispenses 43,000 baths annually, at 5 cents a piece, and this price provides soap and towels, the hot and cold water, and covers the salaries of the attendants. The expense at this rate is one-quarter the rate at which New York city pays for the maintenance of its public baths, and some of this great difference in cost is accounted for by the unique running of the Forrest street establishment.

Some time ago a brewery owner, S. Liebmans, tried the experiment of building the bathhouse for the neighborhood, with the idea of having no unnecessary expense, while providing an ample equipment. The cold water comes from four pipes at the rate of \$8 to \$12 a month, but this is only one-third of the amount of hot water required. That is piped over from the brewery tank, where it is kept at 98 degrees, and it is reduced to 94 degrees by the time it reaches the bathhouse. The linen towels are had at a minimum of outlay. The brewery uses hops imported from Germany, which come in jute bags, lined with linen. These linen inner sacks are split, hemmed and used for towels, so costing the bath almost nothing. The heating for winter and the lighting are provided from the brewery surplus, and the baths are kept open winter and summer every Thursday reserved for "ladies' day." Sometimes the women from around the neighborhood take advantage of this one opportunity 300 strong in one day. The brewer who supplies the heat and tending for the baths regards them as self-supporting. "What we give from the brewery is practically no added expense to us. We have the heat and the water, and the engineers, and it enables the bath to be run at very little cost."

J. Pierpont Morgan and Charles Steele, one of Mr. Morgan's partners, arrived in New York on the White Star steamer Adriatic. Mr. Morgan had heard by wireless of the mishap to his yacht Corsair, and was on deck when the port doctor ran his cutter alongside the liner to examine the passengers. The Corsair, with J. P. Morgan, Jr. aboard, dropped anchor off quarantine about midnight, just about the time the Adriatic slid slowly up through the Narrows, came to a stop, backed and then dropped her mud hook to wait for daylight. When the banker got on deck there was his yacht with her foremast gone and her bowsprit shortened. Otherwise she glistened with new paint and refurbishing. The Corsair, before she rammed the sound of the New York Harbor, two masts and long graceful bowsprit. To have her in condition for her owner's use the broken foremast was lifted out and the bowsprit trimmed. When he caught sight of his boat, which has always been his pride, Mr. Morgan eagerly inquired of the reporters the extent of her injuries.

"Nothing out what you see," they told him. "Her fore-topmast was carried away, so it was thought best to hoist out the mast. It may be stepped again at any time. You heard about the collision by wireless?"

"Well, Mellen will have to pay for it, eh?" and Mr. Morgan laughed heartily. President Charles S. Mellen of the New Haven railroad, which owns the New Hampshire, was meant.

"What about business, Mr. Morgan?" the reporters asked.

"Business? What do I know about business? Been abroad. You've been here. You know about business better than I do. I've been taking a rest, enjoying myself."

"What about politics?"

"Politics? What do I know about politics? You've been here. How does it look?"

Henry Siegel, the millionaire merchant of New York city, like other wealthy summer residents of Westchester county, has been appointed a deputy sheriff. He wears a shield of his office, like Richard Harding Davis, Lieut.-Gov.

Chandler and other celebrities, and intends to help rid that community of obnoxious characters. Since burglars broke into his magnificent summer home at Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, a year ago, and stole priceless rugs, superb tapestries, marble statuary, armor and other ornaments from the dining hall of the mansion, Mr. Siegel has been unsparing in his efforts to minimize the number of robberies and to apprehend robbers in Mamaroneck.

The New York stock exchange voted to close on September 5, preceding Labor day, on which day the exchange also will be closed.

Dragging two heavy rowboats containing nine persons through the water after him Julius Leck, the doorman of the Delancy street police station, New York, swam the half-mile distance from the Blackwells island light to the Cygnet Boat club at the foot of East Eighty-sixth street, Manhattan, in 35 minutes, and much excitement among his fellow club members, the passengers on passing boats and a crowd of 500 spectators in East River park. The tow rope was tied over his left and under his right shoulder. He swam the English side stroke, pushing ahead with his left shoulder submerged every time he took a stroke with his right arm. Until his tow slowly gathered momentum their dead weight of almost two thousand pounds pulled him back every time he took a stroke forward, and the tow rope wore a red bruise through the shoulder of his jersey long before he got through.

If the Long Island league will agree to stand half the burden of expense for construction work concrete hummocks a foot in height are to be built at a distance of 150 feet either side of grade crossings on Long island so that the danger of collision between trains and automobiles may be minimized in the future. The Long Island Railroad company has agreed to pay half the cost if the league will approve the scheme, which was the outcome of a conference held between President Peters of the railroad, President Eno of the league, A. R. Pardington, president of the Long Island motor parkway, and John L. Webb, chairman of the committee of safety of the Long Island Automobile club.

Plans and estimates of the new Grand Central station building in New York city have been completed, showing that the new structure is to cost \$20,000,000. There will be a frontage of 300 feet on Park street, 180 feet on Vanderbilt avenue, 625 feet on Forty-fifth street, 400 feet on Lexington avenue and 200 feet on Depew street.

Prompted by her feelings of dissatisfaction with her present management, Miss Gertrude Hoffmann, the "Salome" dancer now at Hammerstein's, New York city, closed a season with the Messers, Schubert yesterday, whereby she becomes a Schubert star for the entire season. In all probability Miss Hoffmann will be sent on a tour as a feature of a special company going through the country from coast to coast while the Salome excitement is at its height. Miss Hoffmann will receive a salary of \$2000 per week, the traveling expenses for herself and company, musical director and orchestra. The Messers, Schubert will also provide a special orchestra of thirty pieces in order to play in a proper manner the music for the Salome dance, and the Mendelssohn Spring Song, which two numbers constitute Miss Hoffmann's repertoire.

Mrs. E. G. McAllister, widow of a cousin of the famous Ward, arrived in New York from Naples with merely a small suitcase, a well fitting and gauzy dress of blue, and a triumphant smile. Mrs. McAllister may be 45, but she does not look near it. She has the spirit of a widow in the twenties. Her smile of triumph is due to a problem she says she solved, for her at least—that of traveling abroad and back again. She was willing to tell exactly how she had managed to spend more than two months' touring Europe solely with a wardrobe not too big to put in a suitcase and not too heavy for a spirited woman to carry all by herself. She learned at Miami, Fla., that a tourist party would leave this city on June 20. She got here in four days with only her little suitcase, and began to plan how she could carry all she might need on her trip. First she discarded her white ruffled skirt and her two-piece underwear, buying in their place a brilliantine skirt with double frills, and three union suits. The rest of her apparel was:

Four pairs of tan hose. Four linen waists. One pair of tan shoes. Three pairs gloves. One brown tan suit. Six handkerchiefs. One all-wool suit. One undergarment. One lace waist. One small hat. One evening wear.

At first the other women in the party were inclined to treat Mrs. McAllister's experiment humorously, and then they regretted they had not tried it themselves, particularly when they came to frontiers where customs officers insisted on looking into their trunks carefully.

"While they were sweltering over their trunks," Mrs. McAllister said, "I just sat around and smiled at them."

Heavy importations of automobiles customs appraisers warehouse in the past fortnight. Several years ago the entries of the machines became so heavy that the government was obliged to secure special quarters for the appraisal of the cars. Last week seventy machines reached port from France, and were examined by the customs officials. So far this week Deputy Collector Cortis has given permits for the removal of sixty cars. It is understood that several hundred more taxicabs will enter this port between now and the holidays. While there is little variation in the cars each one has to undergo a separate examination at the hands of the custom house men.

Although Russell Sage was held up to his generation as a model of caution and astuteness in his stock and bond dealings and in his loan business, it has been disclosed in New York that shrewd men succeeded in loading him up with about \$1,071,000, par value, of bonds and 18,100 shares of stock and scrip which are worthless. Besides, there are some "open accounts" upon which the executors can realize little or nothing. Mining shares, railroad, bank and trust company issues, shares in warehouse and grain elevator concerns, in railroad construction companies and firms, industrial concerns, steel companies, improvement shares, electric railroad stock, land grant scrip, defaulted state bonds of Georgia and North Carolina and defaulted town bonds are among the securities found in Mr. Sage's safe deposit vaults.

It has always been a problem with bachelors to care for their winter clothes in the summer and keep them free from moth. But at one of the fashionable clubs the other day one clever young bachelor explained his solution of the problem in this way: "Early in June I take my winter clothes to a pawn broker and raise a small sum on them, but warn him to take good care of them, as I shall want to redeem them in the fall. I generally find an opportunity to tell one of the clerks a quarter and tell him to see that the clothes are packed away with moth balls during the summer. I

have done this for several years now and find that the scheme works admirably."

It is a glad smile that spreads over the faces of the proprietors of the fashionable cafes and restaurants along the Great White Way with the advent of September and the gradual return of New Yorkers to the city. Steadily the summer vacationers are pouring into the city, and thousands of them who have been surviving on the fare of a small summer hotel do not delay an instant on their return to the city to drive to their favorite restaurant and get what they call a "civilized meal." To be sure the meal generally consists of some of the most expensive and indigestible things on the bill of fare, and for those who have been summing in a prohibition town there is of course a little rare old wine ordered by way of celebration. Although many of the fashionable folks still will not return to the city until after Thanksgiving, still there are some already in town who are taking in the new shows that are opening up along the Kialto.

The thousands who have sweltered in the subway during the summer months are bailing out to join the amusement that at last the big tube is to be cooler. If the present plan is carried out the piston ventilation system will be installed, which means that walls are to be built between the express tracks. With the new arrangements the air in the subway will be changed six times an hour, the hot air going out ahead and the cool coming in after. During the last two months the only tolerable place to ride has been on the front end of the first car where there is always a good breeze. Owing to the oppressive air in the subways thousands who live way up town have been obliged during the hot weather to go back and forth on either the surface or elevated lines.

"I am able to celebrate my 108th birthday today because I have taken a cold plunge every morning of my life for 100 years. If it wasn't for the cold water and because I don't wear corsets, I am convinced I would have died half a century ago." In this way Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt of New York, who has lived only two weeks since her 108th birthday, lives at 407 1/2 delphi street, Brooklyn. Mrs. Hunt walks a mile daily, climbs three flights of stairs to her room nightly, eats three square meals a day and takes her cold baths unassisted. Her only defect is total blindness, due to cataracts. She explained that her hobby in life had been fresh air. "That and cold water and no corsets, will keep anyone alive for a hundred years," declared Mrs. Hunt. "I always sleep with my window open at night even in the coldest days in winter and no matter how cold it is, I sleep with light bed-clothing. Corsets are an abomination. Young women ruin themselves by wearing such devices. I dare say corsets cut twenty years from every woman's life."

One of the popular ways for New Yorkers with comparatively small means to spend their summer vacations is to tent out for the summer on the south shore of Long Island. There are regular colonies of tents there during the summer months and this form of camp life is increasing every year. But the camper has his troubles, for all his tents are taken down and he is left with nothing but a pile of old clothes and a few pieces of furniture. They figure that living in a tent is cheap, so that they do not hesitate to invite themselves for a few days' outing. But at last one man has come to the rescue and shown a scheme to his long suffering brother campers that bids fair to cause would-be guests to remain in the city and not annoy the tenters. The plan is cruel but effective. When the self-invited guests arrive they are served a luncheon of salt beef, salt fish and hardtack. They eat little. At night the same dishes are set before them and they eat less. But the host by no means starves, for he eats a good square meal on the sly. At night he assumes that he is living close to nature and shows them a bed on the sand. The same meals and the same bed are most hospitably offered them the next day, but they generally find an excuse for returning to the city shortly after breakfast.

It is just as easy to be a millionaire as rolling off a log if you only have a thousand dollars. At least this is the alluring advertisement of one Wall street concern that has set many a man to thinking, who at present doesn't see a new fall suit on the horizon. It is really no bother to be a man of millions if you will only take a few minutes off some day and run down to a little place and leave a thousand dollars with philanthropic Mr. Todd. Of course if you don't want to have several millions just leave a hundred and be satisfied with a cool million for your pains. It is all scientifically worked out, is this scheme to beat the Wall street game, and it only takes five years to do the trick. At last accounts, Mr. Todd was still waiting for his first customer.

There will be some disappointment among the cops in Gotham if one of their number doesn't draw a Carnegie medal for a deed of heroism that blocked the Broadway traffic for fully fifteen minutes. A woman was crossing Broadway from the Hoffman house to Fifth avenue the other day when her green parasol caught in the trolley slot. Rendered nervous by the approaching cars she let go the handle and stepped to the curb. To her amazement the parasol slid slowly and gracefully into the slot until it was completely out of sight. A cop, who was standing near by, grasped the situation in a minute and telephoned for an inspector. The latter arrived and after a careful examination informed the lady that the parasol was plainly to be seen standing upright as it had fallen. A laborer was called who was sent down into one of the manholes and in a few minutes appeared bearing the green parasol unharmed. Then life began to whiz by as usual. Thus within twenty minutes the parasol was lost and recovered at one of the busiest corners of the busiest city in the world. "Would you have rescued the parasol, Casey?" the cop was asked, "if it had been any other color but green?" "I'm color blind," replied the heroic Casey.

Skyscraping is the latest in New York and had it not been discovered so late in the summer it would probably have been taken up by more people. It bids fair, however, to be a popular form of out-of-door life next year. It consists simply of camping out on the roof of one of the big downtown skyscrapers, but for real novelty it carries off the palm. Three young ladies were the first to venture on this new form of outdoor life and they chose the top of a twenty-five story building overlooking the harbor. They did all their cooking on a chafing dish, but pitched a tent and had all the other appurtenances of a regular camp.

If an affable stranger engages you in conversation and draws from his pocket a jeweled cigarette case and offers you a smoke, it has been the custom in Gotham heretofore to accept this innocuous form of friendliness. But now the word has gone forth that the "doped cigarette" has been invented which has the same effect when smoked as the knockout drops that the thief drops into your drink when your back is turned. This new knockout idea was successfully administered the other day in Madison square, but the impatient stranger tried to rob his victim before the dope had really got its hold on him. In the struggle that ensued there was so much noise that the thief took to his heels.

RUTHSCHILD MARRIAGES.

Remarkable Number of Unions Between Cousins Belonging to the Family.

The founder of the Rothschild family, Mayer Amschel of the Red Shield, dying in 1812, exhorted his five sons, engaged as bonhomagers under him in Frankfurt, Vienna, London, Paris and Naples, not only to remain faithful to the law of Moses and stand ever united, but to undertake nothing of importance without first consulting their mother.

Nathan, founder of the London branch, also was so convinced of the business capacities of his wife, a Cohen, that he not only left the huge residue of his fortune at her disposal, but says "The Ladies' Realm," added instructions that his sons were to engage in no undertaking of moment without her consent. How far the instruction was observed, one is not in a position to say, but it is certain that Rothschilds have done their best to live in family unity, for from the gentle point of view the number that have married cousins is appalling. Of the five children of the great Nathan each married a cousin.

And, coming to contemporaries, Lord Rothschild is the son of cousins and the husband of a cousin. Returning to Nathan, the Sidonia of "Coningsby," though his offspring married cousins, a practice followed in the last generation, for three of his grand-daughters, two of whom have been already named, married not only out of the family but out of the faith.

If Napoleon Had Won.

If Wellington had been defeated at Waterloo, it would have been a blessing to England says Thomas E. Watson in August Munsey's. The principles of the French revolution would have gone on their way, bloodlessly conquering. The beneficent work which Napoleon had begun would not have been interrupted. There would have been no White Terror, no holy alliance, no gibbeting of Democrats because they were democrats, no chaining up again of hand and tongue and pen and mind by despotic monarchs. Had Napoleon won in 1815, there would have been no Austrian tyranny over Italy, no French army to pin down Italian patriotism and uphold the temporal power of the Pope. There would have been no suppression of the German peoples by the Metternich policy of "keeping things just as they are."

There would have been no reaction in Spain, and no rechainning of the Spanish people under a medieval autocracy. Had Napoleon won in 1815, even Great Britain would have been blessed. The grand principles for which Charles James Fox so long contended would have gained the ascendancy over the narrowing tendencies of Pitt, Castlereagh, and Burke. The reign of terror wherein so many good men lost their lives for the crime of being democrats would never have disgraced English history. After Napoleon's final overthrow, free speech and liberal principles suffered a long and dreary eclipse in Great Britain, and it was not till another generation had come into the world that the lost ground was recovered.

Gifts for the Dead.

"A Christmas custom that prevails in Germany would probably strike you here in America as being very peculiar," said a Washington woman of German descent. "In the old country at Christmas time when the ground was white with snow I have seen on all the graves of children little Christmas trees trimmed with toys. This custom prevails in many German towns, Christmas trees being substituted for flowers, as it is thought that the children would prefer trees to flowers at this season of the year. A quaint custom of the cemetery where the dark green fir trees are trimmed with tinsel and red, yellow and blue toys. The scene when I saw it for the first time moved me deeply. The tombs of the dead were very pure and white against the gay blue of the sky. On all the little graves the little green trees rustled mournfully in the breeze, and the toy animals and bells and tin soldiers knocked together stilly and disconsolately."—The Pathfinder.

When Authority Vanished.

"Some years ago," says an Indianapolis lawyer, "a certain country district in Indiana boasted of a justice who was oppressively imbued with an idea of his own responsibility in such matters that he never was kept in his bailiwick. He never lost an opportunity to show his authority. Now, this justice of the peace was also a farmer, and his farm bordered on the state of Ohio; indeed, one of his fences was exactly on the state line.

"One day his son and a hired man indulged in a fist encounter near this line fence. The justice, quick to see the situation, jumped to the fence, as a better bench of justice, and assailed the fighters, demanding 'peace in the name of the state of Indiana.'"

"No sooner, however, had the justice-farmer asserted his authority than the fence upon which he was perched gave way, carrying him over backward—into the state of Ohio. As he felt himself falling he shouted to his son: 'Soak it to him good, Bill! I've lost my jurisdiction!'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Harmful Vacations.

"These summer vacations do me a lot of good," said a physician. "Every one of them is worth \$5 in the doctor's pocket."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that the average vacation harms instead of benefiting. Take the case of the average clerk, pale and thin from an indoor, sedentary life, he rushes for two boiling August weeks to the seashore. There, under the burning, blazing sun, amid the soft purring of innumerable mosquitoes, he bathes, boats, fishes, walks and naps all day, and all the evening he lies in bed, and does not sleep like Hercules instead of like the pale, thin, puny clerk he is."

"What's the result? The clerk returns from his vacation run down instead of built up, and I begin prescribing tonics for him."

Red Blood and Blue.

Three-year-old Allan had a very aristocratic grandma, who prided herself on her own and her husband's blue-blooded ancestry. She told him heroic deeds of them and warned him from ever playing with boys of low degree.

One day Allan came screaming upstairs to his mamma and grandma, holding his hand up covered with blood, where he had cut his little finger. They were both greatly alarmed, as he was a child who rarely cried or complained when hurt. Mama washed the blood off and, examining the cut, said:

"Why, dear, it's not so very bad. Does it hurt you so much?"

"I'm not crying 'cause it hurts," he said. "I'm crying 'cause it's red blood, and grandma said I had blue."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Great Act.

"Now, Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me one of the most remarkable things Moses did?"

HER FEET WERE SORE AND CRACKED

Soles Seemed as Though Covered with Knife Cuts—Could Not Bear Weight of Feet Even on Pillow—Was Long Unable to Walk—Many Remedies Failed—Now Cured.

WILL PRAISE CUTICURA AS LONG AS SHE LIVES

"Some four years ago I had the misfortune to have my feet get sore. The doctors could not tell me what it was. I used everything I could hear or think of but all to no avail. The feet were all cracked across the bottom as if you had taken a knife and cut them every whichway. They would peel up, and, oh, my! how they did hurt when I would try to walk—which I was not able to do for a long time. One day one of our neighbors came to our house and asked what was the matter. I showed him my feet and he said he had some Cuticura Ointment which would heal them up. There was only enough to apply once, but I found it helped me so much that I sent for a set of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills, costing one dollar, and to my great joy, my feet were cured and have never troubled me since. I shall praise Cuticura as long as I live for the great help it has been. Mrs. Margaret Primmer, Platin, Mo., June 30 and July 21, 1907."

ECZEMAS

And Other Itching, Torturing Humors Cured by Cuticura.

Warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle anointments with Cuticura Ointment afford instant relief in the most distressing forms of itching, burning, scaly, crusted humors, eczemas, rashes, inflammations, irritations, and chafings of infancy and childhood, permit rest and sleep and point to a speedy and permanent cure, in the majority of cases, when all other remedies fail.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humors of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c) to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c) to heal the skin, and Cuticura Pills (50c) to purify the blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mail Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

Best The World Can Afford

"It gives me unbounded pleasure to recommend Bucklin's Arnica Salve says J. W. Jenkins, of Chapel Hill, N. C. 'I am convinced it's the best salve the world affords. It cured a felon on my thumb and it never fails to heal every sore, burn or wound to which it is applied. 25c at W. F. Peter drug store."

Haskell Called on Carpet.

Guthrie, Okla., Sept. 25.—Governor Charles N. Haskell, treasurer of the Democratic national committee, has left here for Chicago, accompanied by State Treasurer J. A. Menefee. They go to confer with the national committee and Mr. Bryan with reference to the charges made against the governor by President Roosevelt and William R. Hearst. A thorough investigation of the charges is to be made.

Just Exactly Right.

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for several years, and find them just exactly right," says Mr. A. A. Felton, of Harrisville, N. Y. New Life Pills relieve without the least discomfort. Best remedy for constipation, biliousness and malaria. 25c at W. F. Peter drug store.

Kept It at Home.

Bremen, Sept. 24.—The report of the North German Lloyd Steamship company, covering six months, which has been issued, shows a falling off of about \$2,750,000 as compared with the same period last year. This decrease is mainly due to the diminished traffic from the United States.

Thousands Have Kidney

Trouble and Never Suspect it. Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalence of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient and physicians, who content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease undermines the system.

What To Do. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and sending pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. When writing mention this paper and don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Birmingham, N. Y.

CLOSE DIVISION IN THE HOUSE

Fate of Option Bill Is Still In Balance.

ON SECOND READING TODAY

After Having Escaped Death by the Bare Skin of Its Teeth Yesterday, the Local Option Measure Was Today Handed Down in the House for Second Reading—Final Vote to Come Tomorrow, Which Day May Also See the Adjournment of the Governor's Extraordinary Session.

Indianapolis, Sept. 25.—The county option bill, which had such a narrow escape from suffocation in the house yesterday, was handed down today by Speaker Branch for second reading at which time amendments to it may be offered. It has been rumored that the enemies of the bill will seek to emasculate it, but opinion prevails that both sides, so well satisfied with yesterday's test, will wait for final action, which will come tomorrow. Then the enemies of the bill will seek its defeat outright.

If the debate Saturday is limited to a few hours, the house will be able to take a vote on the option bill and then pass the appropriation bills in time for adjournment the same day. This will be attempted and both parties, it is said, will join in seeking to bring about a close of the special session at the end of this week. None of the legislators wish to come back Monday. The senate is ahead of the house and will proceed slowly in order to give the lower branch a half-way chance to catch up.

Closest Possible Margin.

By a vote that could not have been tighter without being a tie, the senate county local option bill was saved from death in the house yesterday. The vote was 51 to 49 against indefinite postponement. A minority report by the committee on public morals favoring indefinite postponement brought the test of strength, and it was a test that left the contestants gasping for breath. Two Democratic votes saved the bill—the votes of Benson of Owen county and Sicks of Boone county. Four Republicans were among the forty-nine members who voted to end summarily the career of the bill. They are Condo of Grant county, Schreder and Geiss of Vanderburg, and Johnson of Vigo and Vermillion.

Seldom has a fight like that of yesterday been seen in the house of representatives. Every member of the house was in his seat during the struggle, while surrounding them were massed the hundreds of friends of the bill and some of its enemies. The friends included about every Republican politician of state prominence at the top of the list being Congressman Watson himself, candidate for governor. The vote of Johnson to postpone the bill had been preceded by a thirty-minute session between himself and the candidate for governor, in which Watson is said to have used every effort possible to win Johnson over.

The Republican advocates of the county local option bill had believed that the defeat of an effort to postpone would mean the certain passage of the bill when the time came. Now, however, they are not so confident. They had, for instance, conceded the loss of Hottel (Dem.) and White (Dem.) on the postponing program, but were certain they would vote for the bill on its passage.

But White made a speech explaining his vote—one of the only two speeches made on the question—and in this speech the Republicans do not find any reassurance. The accession of Billingsley and Bowler of Indianapolis to the county local option forces it is feared may only be temporary. So it is that while the Republicans hail yesterday's vote as a victory, they do not look toward Saturday's vote on the passage of the bill with very much security.

Farm Tragedy Near Pendleton.

Anderson, Ind., Sept. 25.—Mrs. Anna Glasco, forty-eight years old, was shot and killed on her farm near Pendleton by her husband, John Glasco, who then attempted suicide by slashing his throat with a butcher knife. Glasco is under the guard of an officer at St. John's hospital in this city. He will recover. It is believed the tragedy was the result of domestic trouble. The dead woman was Glasco's third wife. They were married less than a year ago. About two months ago Glasco sued for divorce, alleging that she was cruel to him. Glasco is nearly fifty years old.

\$30,000 Blaze at Salem.

Salem, Ind., Sept. 25.—Lack of water to fight fire resulted in a loss of more than \$30,000 here. The fire was discovered in the Monon railway's freight and passenger station. Nothing could be done to check the blaze as the water supply was exhausted and the fire spread rapidly to the Monon company's grain elevator, the Stout Furniture company's warehouse, and a dwelling occupied by Richard Pitt. All these structures were soon in ruins.

WHAT THE KIDNEYS DO.

Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong and Healthy.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily, when unhealthy some part of this impure matter is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms, pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot dry, skin, rheumatism, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right you will have no trouble with your kidneys.

Mrs. Samuel T. Maddox, of 106 Pine street, Seymour, Ind., says, "I can truthfully recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as a cure for kidney trouble. I suffered a great deal with backache, lameness across the loins, and dizziness, but my worst symptom was dull throbbing headache. I gradually run down until I was hardly able to do my work and many times I had to retire in the middle of the day."

At times I suffered from dizzy spells and blurring of the eyesight and if I had not grasped something for support I would have fallen. I finally procured Doan's Kidney Pills at C. W. Milhouse drug store and used them. I have not had a single attack of any of my old symptoms since taking this remedy. I recommend them very highly."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

Prevailing Current Prices for Grain and Livestock.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock. Wheat—Wagon, 98c; No. 2 red, \$1.01. Corn—No. 2, 80c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 49c. Hay—Clover, \$10.00 @ 11.00; timothy, \$11.00 @ 13.00; mixed, \$10.00 @ 11.00. Cattle—\$3.50 @ 6.75. Hogs—\$5.00 @ 7.50. Sheep—\$2.50 @ 3.75. Lambs—\$3.00 @ 5.25. Receipts—5,500 hogs; 1,300 cattle; 950 sheep.

At Cincinnati.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.06. Corn—No. 2, 80½c. Oats—No. 2, 51c. Cattle—\$2.25 @ 5.25. Hogs—\$3.75 @ 7.45. Sheep—\$1.50 @ 3.85. Lambs—\$4.00 @ 6.00.

At Chicago.

Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.01½. Corn—No. 2, 79½c. Oats—No. 3, 49½c. Cattle—Steers, \$4.75 @ 7.60; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 @ 4.50. Hogs—\$5.00 @ 7.49. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$4.25 @

When you have a cold you may be sure that it has been caused indirectly by constipation and consequently you must first of all take something to move the bowels. This is what has made Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup so successful and so generally demanded. It does not constipate like most of the old-fashioned cough cures, but on the other hand it gently moves the bowels and at the same time heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat. Sold by all druggists.

RACE FOR THE PENNANT

How the Teams in the Big Leagues Stand at This Time.

National League.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
New York	88	50	.638
Chicago	90	54	.625
Pittsburgh	90	54	.625
Philadelphia	75	65	.539
Cincinnati	68	74	.479
Boston	60	82	.423
Brooklyn	48	93	.340
St. Louis	47	95	.331

At Philadelphia—R.H.E. Cincinnati, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 7 2 Philadelphia 0 2 1 2 0 0 0 0—5 10 1 Batteries—Savidge, Schlie; Moore, Dooin.

At Brooklyn—R.H.E. Pittsburgh, 0 3 1 0 0 1 1 0—6 15 1 Brooklyn, 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1 4 3 Batteries—Willis, Gibson; Bell, Farmer.

At New York—R.H.E. Chicago, 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 0—4 7 2 New York, 2 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—5 7 3 Batteries—Brown, Coakley; Overall, Kling; Wiltse, Mathewson, Bresnahan.

American League.	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Cleveland	83	61	.576
Chicago	81	62	.566
Detroit	79	61	.564
St. Louis	79	62	.564
Boston	68	73	.471
Philadelphia	65	73	.471
Washington	60	77	.438
New York	47	93	.335

At Chicago—R.H.E. Chicago, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 1 1 New York, 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1 4 0 Batteries—Walsh, Shaw Lake, Blair. At Cleveland—R.H.E. Cleveland, 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1 3 1 Washington, 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0—2 8 0 Batteries—Lichardt, Bemis; Johnson, Street.

At Detroit—R.H.E. Detroit, 2 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—4 8 0 Philadelphia, 3 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—4 9 1 Called by darkness. Batteries—Mullen, Schmidt; Plank, Powers.

At St. Louis—R.H.E. St. Louis, 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1—3 5 0 Boston, 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 3 1 Batteries—Waddell, Spencer; Morgan, Donahue.

HE DRAGS OUT MORE LETTERS

Hearst Seems to Have Lots of Archbold Correspondence.

ATTACKS BOTH OLD PARTIES

In Addressing the Convention of the New York Independence Party, the Promoter of That Party Produces Another Parcel of Letters Alleged to Have Passed Between Standard Oil Headquarters and the United States Senate Chamber, the New Charges Being Received With Enthusiasm.

New York, Sept. 25.—William R. Hearst, addressing the state convention of the Independence League party, as the New York state branch of the National Independence party is officially known, last night renewed his attack upon members of both the Republican and Democratic parties, and produced another batch of letters which he said were written by or to John D. Archbold of the Standard Oil company.

One of the letters was addressed to former United States Senator John L. McLaurin of South Carolina, and there was also a letter from Mr. McLaurin to Mr. Archbold, in which the writer declared he could "beat Tillman if properly and generously supported."

Mr. Hearst read also a letter from Representative Joseph C. Sibley to Mr. Archbold, and a letter from Mr. Archbold to a Republican senator, whose name did not appear.

Renewing his assault upon Governor C. N. Haskell of Oklahoma, treasurer of the Democratic national committee, Mr. Hearst declared that not only was he a "Standard Oil tool and promoter of crooked railways, but was one of the organizers of the steel trust." He quoted from what he said was a court record of a suit brought by John P. Bailey, Mr. Haskell's law partner in Ohio, against the Illinois Steel company and the Federal Steel company for services rendered by Mr. Haskell as attorney "and organizer."

Mr. Hearst also quoted from what he declared was a recent speech of Mr. Haskell's defending the Standard Oil company, as "having done wonders in the country."

"We know," said Mr. Hearst, "that it has done wonders in the United States."

The new charges were received with great enthusiasm.

Clarence J. Shearn, personal counsel to William R. Hearst, who has taken a prominent part in the Independence League movement since its organization, was nominated by the convention for governor. All of the offices on the ticket were filled by candidates chosen by a "committee on candidates," the slate being unanimously ratified by the convention.

It is likely that the legislature will enact a bill introduced by Senator Goodwine and Representative Caylor appropriating \$12,000 for preservation of the regimental flags of the civil war. A similar measure was defeated last session, but the members are inclined to favor it now.

The Remedy That Does.

"Dr. King's New Discovery is the remedy that does the healing others promise but fail to perform," says Mrs. E. R. Pierson of Auburn Centre, Pa. "It is curing me of throat and lung trouble of long standing, that other treatments relieved only temporarily. New Discovery is doing me so much good that I feel confident its continued use for a reasonable length of time will restore me to perfect health." This renowned cough and cold remedy and throat and lung healer is sold at W. F. Peter drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

S.S.S. CURES OLD SORES

No old sore can heal until the cause which produces it has been removed. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., may reduce the inflammation and assist in keeping the place clean, but cannot cure the trouble because they do not reach its source. Old sores exist because the blood is infected with impurities and poisons which are constantly being discharged into the place. The nerves, tissues and fibres of the flesh are kept in a state of irritation and disease by being daily fed with the germ-laden matter through the circulation, making it impossible for the sore to heal. S. S. S. cures chronic sores by its purifying action on the blood. It goes down into the circulation, and removes the poison-producing germs, impurities and morbid matters which are responsible for the failure of the place to heal. S. S. S. makes the blood pure, fresh and healthy; then as new, rich blood is carried to the spot the healing process begins, all discharge ceases, the inflammation leaves, new tissue begins to form, the place fills in with firm, healthy flesh, and soon the sore is permanently cured. S. S. S. is purely vegetable, the safest and best blood purifier for young or old. Book on Sores and Ulcers and any medical advice free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

It Can't Be Beat.

Senator Cavins, Republican, thinks has found a way around the difficulty over the Vincennes university bonds which Governor Hanly refuses to sign. Cavins may introduce a bill to enable the supreme court to investigate the legal side of the controversy and decide whether or not the state owes the money to the institution. The friends of the institution are said to be opposed to this plan.

President Bryan and other members of the faculty of Indiana university are here to ask the legislature to pass a law legalizing the transfer of the Indiana Medical college property from Purdue to Indiana. Both institutions are joining in the request, and it is possible that it will be granted if the lawmakers can find time to consider it.

The best of all teachers is experience. C. M. Harden of Silver City, North Carolina, says: "I find Electric Bitters does all that's claimed for it. For Stomach, Liver, and Kidney troubles it can't be beat. I have tried it and find it a most excellent medicine." Mr. Harden is right: it's the best of all medicines also for weakness, lame back and all run down conditions. Best two for chills and malaria. Sold under guarantee at W. F. Peters drug store. 50c.

At East Buffalo.

Cattle—\$4.50 @ 6.50. Hogs—\$3.50 @ 7.70. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 6.90.

Wheat at Toledo.

May, \$1.06½; Dec., \$1.03½; cash, \$1.02.

A BAD CASE

A Seymour man cured of a bad case of Piles by

Dr. H. I. Sherwood,

Who makes a specialty of the cure of chronic diseases, male or female.

SEYMOUR, IND., Sept. 7, 1908.

For a period of eight years I suffered with painful, sore, bleeding, protruding, internal piles, which would so weaken me at times that I would be compelled to lose several days work. In August, 1908, Dr. Sherwood commenced treatment and now after a period of less than one month I am sound and well, the first time in eight years that I have been entirely clear of pile symptoms.

JAMES LEROY SAGE, Seymour, Ind.

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